Saturday Review

APRIL 29, 1961 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

THE PLIGHT OF THE PROMISING PLAY

By John F. Wharton

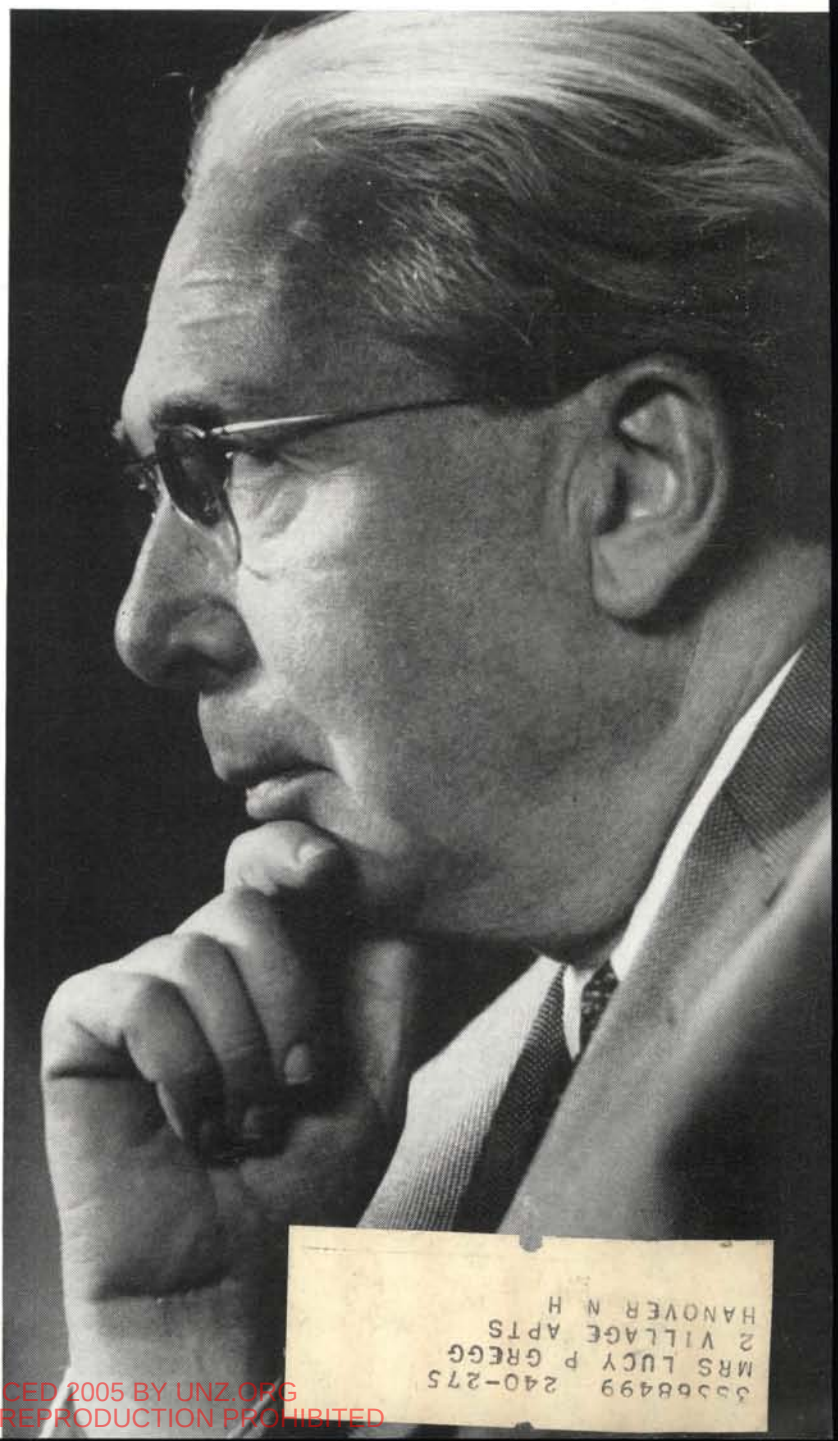
BING'S ELEVENTH AT THE METROPOLITAN

By Irving Kolodin

WORKSHOPS FOR WRITERS

SR's Annual Survey

Leo Szilard, author of "The Voice of the Dolphin" (See Books)



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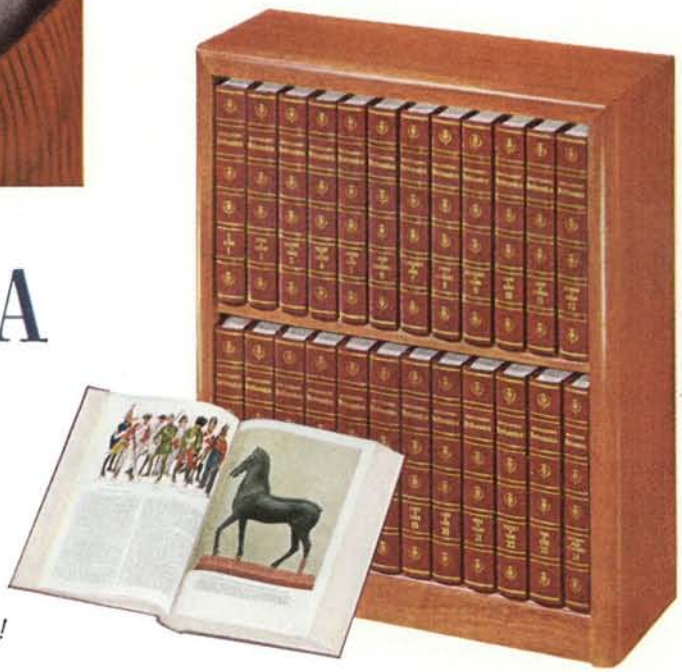

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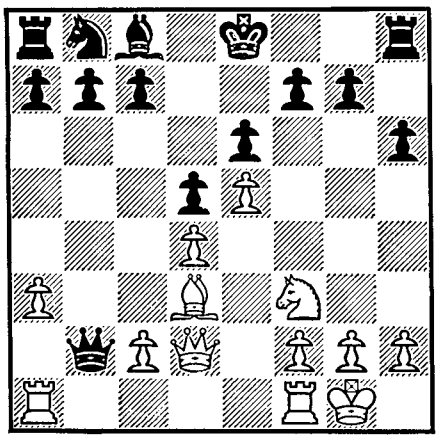
Chess Corner No. 50

THAT practical nonentity of a move, P-R3, often reveals the nature of the chess player. When played at the first opportunity, usually to avert an eventual pin by a hostile Bishop, it denotes caution, diffidence, dulness—rarely sharpness, which may actually be the case. Boiled down to its bare elements, any Pawn move is suspect, even though necessary. Its "one-way traffic" feature is irretrievably committing. Its use of good time at the expense of sound development is often wasteful. And its tendency irreparably to damage the structure of the position makes three strikes against it. But if any Pawn move is suspect, the movement of the Rook Pawn is doubly so. For it embraces all of the bad points of Pawn moves and few of the good ones. Rarely, for example, does it assist in development. Never does it bear on the central squares, so essential in the early formation of opening patterns according to all valid principles. Yet, curiously enough, there are times when P-R3 fills a definite need. It may provide an exit for the King. It may prevent an enemy pin or incursion. It may serve as a prop for a Pawn advance. It can, indeed, be purposeful. Witness the following game. On his last turn, Black plays P-KR3 as a precautionary measure. And White echoes with P-QR3 for a purpose all its own. The curtain is drawn.

FRENCH DEFENSE

Dr. Bernard Winkler White		M. Thompson Black	
1 P-K4	P-K3	7 NxB	QxN
2 P-Q4	P-Q4	8 N-B3	Q-K2
3 N-QB3	N-KB3	9 B-Q3	Q-N5ch
4 B-N5	B-K2	10 Q-Q2	QxNP
5 P-K5	N-K5	11 O-O	P-KR3
6 NxN	BxB	12 P-QR3	Resigns



There is no defense to 13 KR-N1, trapping the Queen!

—AL HOROWITZ.

Saturday Review

APRIL 29, 1961

Cover Photograph by Tita Binz

SR/IDEAS

9 The Plight of the Promising Play, by John F. Wharton

20 Put Poets Into Space: An Editorial

SR/MUSIC

39 Bing's Eleventh at the Metropolitan, by Irving Kolodin

42 Sing a Song of Segregation, by Peter J. Welding

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 Chess Corner

6 Trade Winds

21 Letters to the Editor

22 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes goes to "Carnival."

22 Literary I.Q.

23 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight ponders the "chemistry" of film hits and misses.

24 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon discusses proposed television adaptation of Arthur Miller's "Focus."

34 Literary Crypt

37 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin reports on Carnegie and Metropolitan performances.

61 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1414

SR/BOOKS

12 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks discusses Famous Writers School

13 A Nation of Sheep, by William J. Lederer

14 The Voice of the Dolphins and Other Stories, by Leo Szilard

16 Saturday Lunch with the Brownings, by Penelope Mortimer; The Stone Arbor, by Roger Angell

17 The Gay Place, by William Brammer

18 Sir Robert Walpole, by J. H. Plumb

19 The Scandalous Regent, by W. H. Lewis

25 Workshops for Writers: *SR*'s Annual Preview of Summer Conferences, by Gorham Munson

35 Criminal Record

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(Advertisement)

Readers of this column may have noticed that I usually deal with one book at a time: after all, 250 words is little enough space in which to write about a good book. It may come as a shock, then, when you realize that this week's column is about 261 books — all of them good.

The books involved are the complete list, to date, of a new publishing idea called Dolphin Books. In addition to their publisher, all Dolphins have three things in common. First, they're inexpensive paperbacks. Second, they were all widely acclaimed when first published in hard covers. Third, they are done by the publishers of Anchor Books —the people generally credited with leadership in quality paperbacks.

Beyond these similarities, the books are wildly, delightfully different. The subjects covered range from poetry to cookery, with all stops in between. It's no exaggeration to say that the Dolphin Book selections form a complete library in themselves.

There are Dolphin Handbooks, such as "Beer and Good Food" and "A New Way to Better English." There are Dolphin Masters—especially authoritative or complete versions of books like Melville's "Typee." For the mystery fan, there's an unparalleled selection, ranging from Wilkie Collins' classic, "The Woman in White," to modern favorites like Andrew Garve's "A Hero for Leanda."

In short, I can't do justice to all the Dolphin Books in this space. But rather than give up, I'll be happy to send a complete list of all the Dolphin Books, free of charge, to anyone who cares to write me.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

To get your free list of all the Dolphin Books, write to Editor-at-Large, Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Both Dolphin Books and Anchor Books are published by Doubleday & Company, and may be obtained at your local bookseller's and elsewhere.

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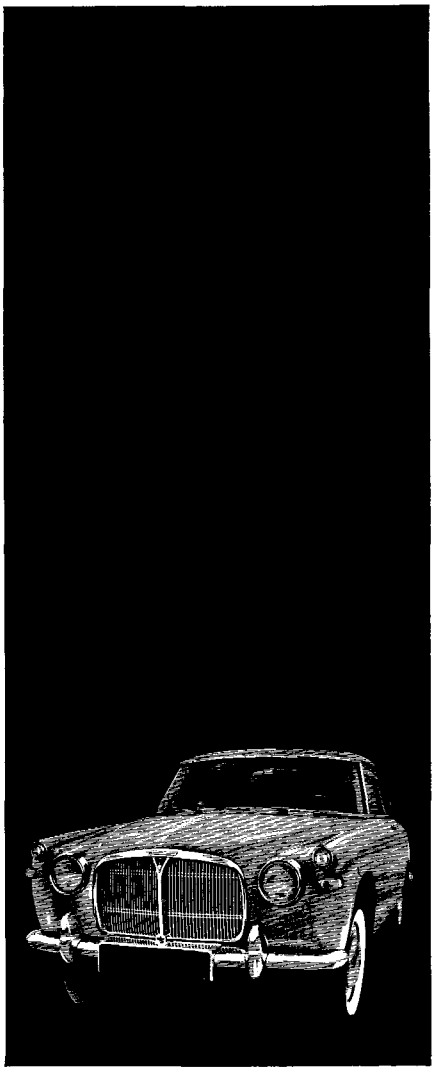

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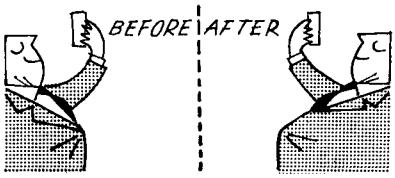
TRADE Winds

IT TAKES A HEAP of manpower to get things going on Broadway these days. S. Hurok and Roger Stevens, in association with Michael Redgrave and Fred Sadoff, have teamed up to produce "The Importance of Being Oscar" —a one-man show.



WE'VE LEARNED OF a gentleman who recently went on a butterscotch Metrecal diet to lose weight. He got to liking it so much he now drinks it between meals, and has put on twelve pounds.

CREDIT CARDS can be useful, but a book salesman on the road innocently carried things too far. Short of cash in a strange city, he persuaded a restaurant owner to advance him $20, to be charged to his credit card account. Only after the salesman had left did the restaurant man remember that he had to pay 7½ per cent to the credit card company.

GARDEN CITY BOOKS has come along with "The Story of Spiders," written by Dorothy Shuttlesworth and illustrated by Suzan Swain, which is dead serious about making children realize that spiders are handy friends to have around, after all. A letter from a young friend to the authors reads:

"Dear Mrs. Shuttlesworth and Swain: I liked the book you two rote and illustrated. The book of Spiders has my two faverit spiders the black widow and tarantula. Love, Bruce Behr."

ALSO IN THE Oscar Wilde department, Jim Reach of Samuel French, Inc., writes to say that the dedicated status-seeking on the part of some of the Madison Avenue fraternity should be called "the earnestness of being important."

AND WHILE WE'RE on the status-seeking front, it's interesting to recall that Vance Packard, the author who made the phrase famous, characteristically paced the hospital floors half the night when his first child was born. The only trouble: It was the wrong hospital.

NEVER HAVE WE BEEN stormed with such a cloudburst of ideas as those resulting from our questioning World Publishing's announcement that they had moved the date of Sylvia Porter's new book *forward* from April 24 to May 15.

Writes C. A. Neyman from California: "You worry me. Next thing you'll be calling Elizabeth Akers Allen back to correct herself and write: 'Forward, turn forward, O Time in your flight. . . .' I'm looking back to future TRADE WINDS."

Burton R. Wolin writes that our question and World's announcement were both right. "There was no contest," he says. "It only looked like one." And Catherine Kendall writes from Ohio to say: "When Miss Porter considers the royalties she is missing between April and May, she undoubtedly thinks her publication date has been moved backward!" Professor Nicholas Johnson, of the University of California, asks: "Doesn't it all turn on whether your office window happens to look out upon the nineteenth or twenty-first centuries?" We're grateful for the more than fifty replies, but a little relieved to find an announcement from G. P. Putnam's Sons regarding the publication shift of a couple of their books. In one case, they use the word "changed"—and in the other, "postponed."

PERSISTENT PRE-PUBLICATION chatter about Theodore H. White's forthcoming "The Making of the President" (Atheneum) indicates that this midsummer Book-of-the-Month Club selection (also *Reader's Digest* condensed book club) will be choice hammock reading. Editor Mike Bessie has read it three times, and can't hold back his enthusiasm. "I'm prejudiced, of course," he told us when we asked him what was causing all the talk, "but it's got the most marvelous dramatic structure of any nonfiction book I've read. All I ask you to do is read the first forty pages. That's all I had to read, and everybody so far seems to agree. From then on in, you're hooked."

WE ARE RELUCTANT to report that Roald (pronounced Roo-al) Dahl, author of the biting collection of elegant horror "Kiss, Kiss," and more recently the

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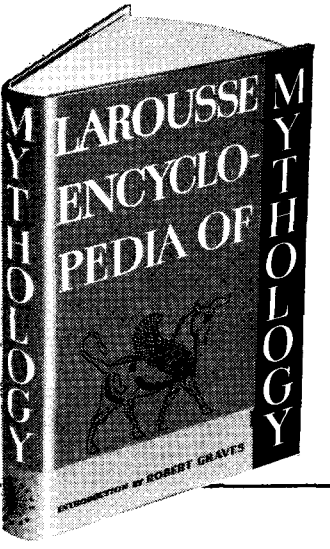

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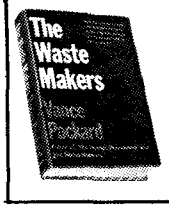

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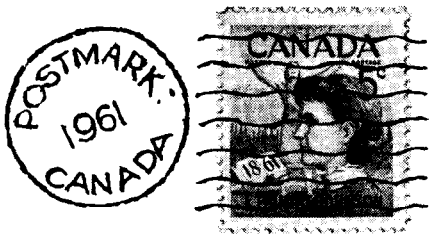

THERE IS A picture showing an elderly gentleman pounding a railway spike. He is rather formally dressed for such a task, and is surrounded by a group of admirers. The photograph is as familiar to Canadians as Whistler's "Mother" is to Americans, for the gentleman is Donald Smith (later Lord Strathcona) and that spike he is pounding is the one which completed the track of the Canadian Pacific Railway . . . the first railroad to span the continent. It was 1885.

In 1961—although no such single dramatic moment is recorded—another great continent-spanning project has been virtually completed up in Canada. It's the Trans-Canada Highway, which extends from Victoria in British Columbia, to St. John's, Newfoundland, providing us and our visitors with one of the finest scenic touring routes in the world.

Almost anywhere you join the Trans-Canada Highway you're surrounded by glorious scenery, and you're within a short distance of any number of holiday diversions. It was planned that way, because the Highway has the dual purpose of providing the shortest practical route across Canada while traversing points of interest and beauty. Through national parks it runs, and along the scenic shores of the Great Lakes, through famous cities and picturesque towns, "past gardens fair," vacation resorts and historic sites.

Travelling the Trans-Canada Highway is a wonderful way to see Canada; it almost plans your holiday for you. Of the total designated route (nearly 5,000 miles) 80 per cent is now paved. Possibly had Donald Smith lived in this automotive age there would have been a picture of him patting asphalt into place. May we send you the full color atlas and picture guide of the Trans-Canada Highway? Write to The Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Dept. TCH, Ottawa, Canada.

Mephistophelean host on the new CBS-TV series "Way Out," is turning soft. At luncheon with him recently at the Hotel Stanhope, we discovered that he has one new children's book already in galleys, and a second one ready to follow before you can say "hangman's noose." And, believe it or not, they are straight, pleasant fantasies strictly for children of six and up.

"There is no resemblance to my adult stories," Dahl told us. "But I hope there's excitement. The first book, which Alfred Knopf is bringing along in time for Christmas, is called 'James and the Giant Peach,' and it has six main characters plus five boy-size insects, including a glowworm and a silkworm who are quite friendly."

Dahl developed both stories for his four- and six-year-old children (his eight-month-old baby is not yet eligible) on a night-by-night cliff-hanging basis.

"One trouble I have," he said, "is that they won't accept reruns. I have to keep on inventing every night, and it's a battle."

In case you're wondering where the title "Kiss, Kiss" came from, it has little or nothing to do with his recent book.

"I don't like collections of short stories that have the title of one story to carry the whole lot," he said. "And yet you have to have a title. I've frequently heard rather silly women finish up a phone conversation with 'Kiss, kiss, darling,' and since I like to think of myself as something of a social satirist, I picked that title out of the air."

A perfectionist, Dahl enjoys writing and delivering his acrid comments for a minute and forty-five seconds each week on "Way Out."

"There's only one trouble," he said. "It takes me nearly 28,000 seconds to write the 105 seconds I'm on the air."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1413)

E. S. BRADLEY:

WOMEN IN (AMERICAN) LITERATURE

(From *The Arizona Alumnus*, 1960 Holiday issue)

So great was the competition of women in the new and flourishing magazine world a century ago, that Hawthorne, a shy and gentle man (and married to one of the Peabody sisters), spoke scornfully, behind his wife's back, of the "damned tribe of scribbling women."

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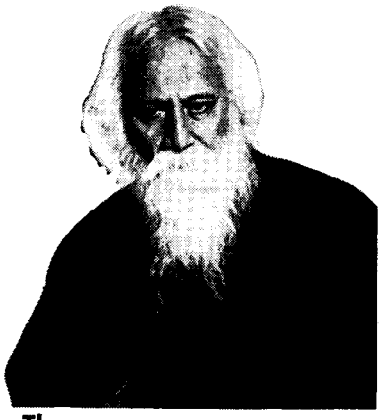

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Saturday Review
APRIL 29, 1961

THE PLIGHT OF THE PROMISING PLAY

By JOHN F. WHARTON, *lawyer and author, who has represented clients in many phases of the theatre for some forty years. A close student of the contemporary American theatre, he is a former president of the Playwrights' Producing Company.*

THERE are signs that a great theatrical era is coming to an end. Although most American playgoers are unaware of it, they have witnessed, for over thirty-five years, a period of extraordinary theatrical importance, exceeded only three or four times in Western history. It has been based on a succession of playwrights who wrote because they had something to say. Their plays were often unpleasant, but they were important, and there were enough of them each season to make the era important.

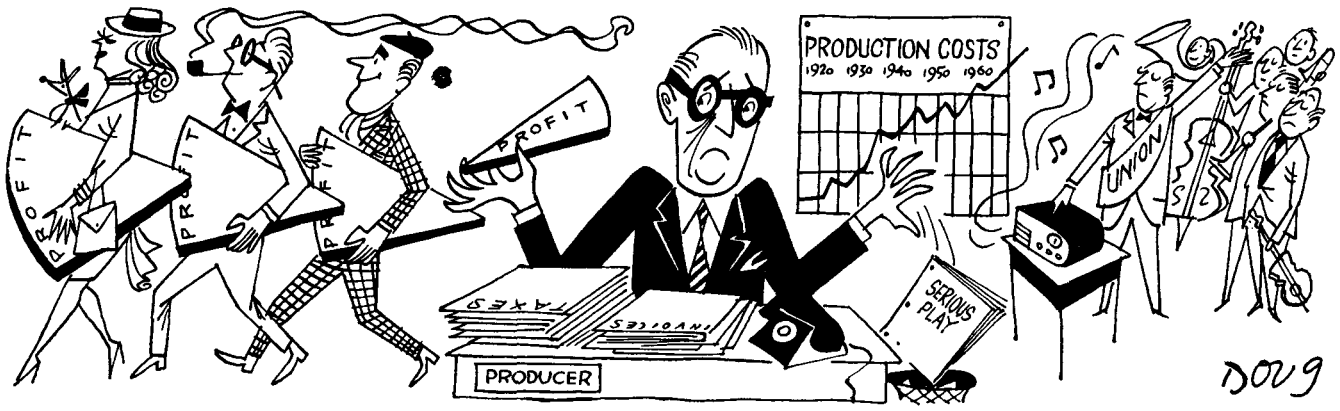
Important playwrights do not spring full-grown from the brow of Jove. They begin by writing what we can call "promising plays"—plays that show the writer to be a man or woman of talent, but do not quite come off. Although now and then a promising play does make a great deal of money (Robert E. Sherwood's "Road to Rome" was one that did), on the whole they are the worst risk in the theatre, particularly if serious in intent. Such plays require the most expert acting and direction; critics judge them by harsher standards; the number of playgoers to whom they will readily appeal is limited. But we cannot have important plays unless a producer will finance and present promising serious plays. For thirty-five years producers have done this.

My own professional association with the theatre began in 1923. In the thirty-seven years since then I must have read over 1,000 scripts offered for production. I cannot recall reading a single script that had the makings of a possible "promising play" which failed to be produced because no producer or investors would take the financial risks involved. Today, however, I can think, offhand, of three and maybe four promising new plays that will very likely never see a Broadway production because of those very risks; the most they will achieve is a typical off-Broadway showing or a taping for the TV screen. If this trend continues, the achievements of the last forty years will come to an end. What is responsible for the change?

SINCE plays do not produce themselves, the plight of the promising serious play is essentially the current plight of the producer, who, in earlier years, readily financed such plays. The decline in the position of the producer has been one of the outstanding phenomena in the industry during the last thirty years. Today, it is very nearly touching bottom.

In the first decades of this century there were two powerful organizations that owned theatres and produced plays; they also invested in plays of the so-called independent producers, many of whom owned single theatres. They were almost all tough, hard businessmen whose business and interest was the theatre. Around 1920, a new wave of producers began to arrive who could not, or did not, raise the money to acquire a rival chain of theatres. Many did not even have the capital needed to produce a play; they sought investors for each play. The usual terms gave the producer 50 per cent of the profits and almost no risk of loss; a competent man could do very nicely under such an arrangement. They hardly noticed that the hard-boiled theatre owners began to withdraw from production and live off the rentals from the independent, privately backed producer—a situation that was to leave the producers helpless in the coming struggle for power.

The theatre-owner-producers of the early decades, like nearly all employers of that period, had been pretty ruthless in dealing with their employees, and playwrights suffered along with actors and craft employees. At the end of the second decade their power began to be challenged, first by a union



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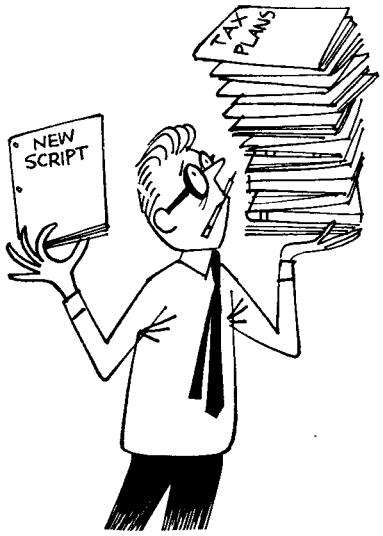
of actors, later by the combination of playwrights called the Dramatists' Guild, and still later by no less than thirty unions. At first these unions sought merely to correct obvious abuses, but monopolies, whether of business or labor, soon begin to feel their oats and want to increase their power. After the obvious abuses had been corrected, a steady movement to increase the power and money of the new monopolists developed; this attack centered on the producers. They were more or less helpless because, while the unions and the Dramatists' Guild asserted exemption from the antitrust laws, the producers were quite clearly subject to those laws and could not legally band together in a tight, self-disciplining organization that could defend itself. Moreover, the theatre owners would rent to any newcomer who had the money to produce a play. Hence, while the producers did protest here and there, on the whole they had to take what the unions, the playwrights, and the theatre owners prescribed.

IN 1920, a producer selected a director and cast for a play, paid the playwright a graduated scale of royalties, and, from a hit, kept 50 per cent of the profits, which included 50 per cent of the proceeds from sales of motion picture rights. Today he must get the author's approval of director and cast, and sometimes the star demands similar rights. Financially, authors who have never written a hit demand a share of the profits in addition to a Bernard Shaw scale of royalties; stars who cannot draw a dollar against unfavorable notices also demand a share of profits, as do many directors. The producer is lucky to wind up with 25 per cent of the profits instead of 50 per cent, and his former 50 per cent share in motion picture rights has been cut to 40 per cent. In addition, he has to hire a union press agent although all the competent ones may be busy; the stagehands' union tells him how many men he must hire to handle his show; the musicians' union tells him how many musicians he must pay if, for example, there is music from a radio on stage (although no musician plays a note). In the meantime, the producer's receipts have suffered.

One very serious attack on the producers' position began before 1920. Although it did not seem important at the time, it became a major problem of the theatre. It involved the premiums paid for choice tickets. This premium was once perfectly legal; later it became hot money and was called 'ice," after the traditional underworld expression. It is a complicated subject, but in view of its present importance the main features of it should be understood.



A theatre may have, let us say, 1,000 seats. When a hit play is showing there, each evening there may be 2,000, 3,000, or 5,000 people who would like to see that play *that* evening. In a free economy the law of supply and demand operates in such a situation; playgoers who can afford it will pay more—much more—than the box-office price of the ticket. The payment is made to a middleman, who thus obtains a handsome gross profit; in order to get choice tickets, the middleman is therefore willing to pay a premium out of his gross profit.

This premium was, of course, an added source of revenue to the theatre owners and producers of the first two decades; they usually divided it with some of their staff and, I am told, they frequently took care of the playwright. Apparently an independent producer always shared the premium and accepted it as extra income. There was nothing illegal about it and everybody treated it as part of their taxable income.

Around 1920, some reformers who disbelieved the story of King Canute and the tides decided to roll back the law of supply and demand by means of legislation making a premium above a specified amount illegal. Eventually laws were passed making it a crime for a producer or theatre owner or any of their staff to receive a premium on a ticket or to charge more than a specified percentage above the price printed on the ticket. The result of these laws was analogous to the result of Prohibition: the whole business of illegal ticket premiums was thrown into the hands of those willing to break the law, and this has remained the case right up to the present. The honest theatre owners, the honest producer, and the honest employees on their staffs do not accept ice. The dishonest people do, and the profit from ice today is staggering. No one knows the exact amount, but it is clear that on a hit play it runs into thousands of dollars a week, which may be more than either the theatre owner's or the producer's profit for the week. Income tax investigations have indicated that the money is no longer declared as taxable income; there also seems to be evidence that the group involved with ice has become smaller and smaller, and the whole business more and more under cover. One salient fact stands out: There are strong indications today that control of theatres and production may eventually go to the ice-takers. And these are not the people who seek the promising plays of the future O'Neills, Sherwoods, Millers, and Williamses.

The biggest blow to the producer of promising serious plays was a postwar development arising from sources largely beyond his control. The wartime inflation and the subsequent wage-price spiral had a deadly impact on his type of production. The cost of producing and operating plays of *all* kinds skyrocketed. These costs were partly offset by the rise in ticket prices, but this alone was not enough; the number of tickets sold had to be increased in order to make a production financially profitable. In the 1920s a simple play might give its backers a fair return if 60,000 playgoers saw it; today probably 250,000 are needed. Although the number of playgoers who are willing and able (through expense accounts or otherwise) to buy tickets for a big musical, a commercial comedy, or a sensational sex play has increased fourfold and maybe more, the number of ticket buyers for the serious play has not increased in any such proportion. The promising serious play was always the poorest risk; now it is almost a certain loss. What has happened is that the theatre has become subject to the laws of the mass market, just as the movies and radio did, and as TV, except for a few egghead hours, is doing.

A PLAY, straight or musical, that can appeal to the mass-market ticket buyer can still make a great deal of money. Many such productions are top-drawer and nothing said here is meant to disparage them. The point is that unless something is done, that is *all* our theatre will offer, just as the robust but unimportant Restoration plays of three centuries ago were all that the Restoration theatre offered its playgoers.

At the moment there is hardly any incentive for a producer to take the slings and arrows of arrogant writers, directors, and union leaders, and go to the Herculean effort necessary to find the capital and to produce a promising

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serious play. If the producer has little incentive, the investor has none. If he is seeking to make money—and some investors in the theatre *have* made money year after year—he is certainly wise to avoid these plays. If he fancies himself a patron of the arts—and some investors are—he will not derive any great satisfaction from having owned 5 per cent of some future Eugene O'Neill's "Diff'rent." For both the producer and investor have learned that playwrights who become famous seldom stick to their original producers; when and if the young prodigy blossoms, his agent will probably arrange a tax deal that cuts out the first producer and the individual investor.

And that is why I can think, offhand, of three or four well-written serious plays which are not likely to be financed for Broadway production. Look over the productions on Broadway of the current season *and* the 1959-60 season. You will not find three untested original plays by new playwrights that were written because the author felt he had something to say.

Is anything or anybody going to change this?

For a short time it seemed as if off-Broadway might do so. In the early days of the off-Broadway theatre a small investment could produce a reasonable, even high, rate of return. But off-Broadway costs have also soared and, judging from the number of failures, the risk of total loss seems greater there than on Broadway. Moreover, the man or woman with talent and faith in himself naturally believes his current play will be the "Road to Rome" of its season; he accepts reluctantly, if at all, a production in a house that will pay him royalties one-tenth of those coming from a Broadway theatre.

MANY people who soberly survey the current problems believe that a subsidized theatre (a notion usually blended in some way with a repertory theatre) is the answer. They usually find some politician glad to trumpet their views; Senator Javits is the current bellwether. I think, however, that there is good reason to be opposed to government subsidy. I believe our legislators, with no tradition of state art behind them, would cast a pall of censorship over all productions. One has only to recall the demise of the Federal Theatre Project of the 1930s. Moreover, American politicians see no harm in putting their fingers into casting pies; I recall a U. S. Senator who insisted that a Hollywood producer go to the expense of a test of his daughter for a coveted role; had he controlled a subsidy, he could have insisted on her *having* the role.

Subsidy by wealthy foundations would perhaps be free from such political interference. Thus far, however, the foundations have all shown remarkable timidity about supporting important theatre. When they do support it, they are prone to make conditions, such as a restriction on actors' salaries. Even at Lincoln Center they are apparently telling the talented Messrs. Whitehead and Kazan that they must make use of a theatre that can house six productions at once—as if exciting theatre could be lifted from a storage warehouse.

It looks as if the professionals in the theatre will have to save themselves. The two groups that could do it are the Dramatists' Guild and the producers. (The theatre owners can do little unless they become producers.)

THE Dramatists' Guild is an extremely powerful organization; the door to success as a playwright is practically closed to anyone who refuses to join. But I do not think much help can be expected from this source. The Guild is naturally dominated by successful playwrights; these men and women have honestly tried to be the protectors and helpers of new talent, but their method has been to give the fledgling playwright financial terms and power of control equal to their own. Unhappily, this does not cause the producer to seek out eagerly the promising play. Moreover, when it comes to that American *sine qua non* of support—money—the record doesn't show much positive action. For example, some ten years ago Howard Lindsay was made chairman of a Dramatists' Guild committee to encourage new writing talent. With the aid of some then unknown authors he proposed to set up an organization to be known as the New Dramatists Committee. They needed a small amount of capital. Where did this needed capital come from? Not from the Dramatists' Guild or from playwrights. It came almost entirely from producers and producing organizations.

What dramatists *are* interested in today is what all too many successful Americans spend too much time on: reducing taxes. My own office now has some ten to twenty "plans" to offer a playwright with a new play and I am sure other offices have at least as many. If a Hollywood deal is involved, the tax plans mushroom. A very shrewd movie producer told me recently that he had about given up active work; so much time was first spent with tax experts, accountants, and lawyers that by the time you came to the picture you were too tired and bored to go on. The theatre seems to be catching up in this respect. If someone could devise a popular tax plan for promising plays, our problems would be solved.

Finally, we come to the producers and investors; what can they do about the present state of affairs?

We can, at least for the moment, dismiss the investors very quickly. They are a long-suffering group to whom the producer has passed along as much of the depradations on his profits as he dared. If a producer is honest, the investors give him his head and pocket their losses without complaining. Most of them pick a play as they might pick a horse and accept the result. Conversely, they have no interest in the state of the theatre in general.

The producers are still handicapped by the antitrust laws. There is little they can do today as individuals. They cannot really be effective unless they do one of two things: Find a way of

(*Continued on page* 36)

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH.
"I don't care what the traffic laws in Florence are. Just don't try that again on the Appian Way!"

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Mail-Order Creativity

By Granville Hicks

SEVERAL weeks ago I was dismayed by an advertisement in the *New York Times Book Review*. The heading ran: "12 famous authors start a new kind of writing school," and the authors were depicted: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J.D. Ratcliff, Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, and Rod Serling. After describing the virtues of the Famous Writers School, the advertisement ended with the inevitable coupon: "I am interested in finding out whether I have writing talent worth developing. Please mail me . . . a copy of the Famous Writers Talent Test."

To explain why this advertisement distressed me, I shall have to try to state what I think about the teaching of writing in general. I have taught writing in colleges, at the New School for Social Research, and at writers' conferences. I believe that the teaching of writing can be useful, but only under certain circumstances and then only in limited ways.

To begin with, what many students need and don't get in most courses in so-called creative writing is a grounding in the fundamentals. They need to be taught the laws of grammar, which are not divine commandments but are useful guides to clarity. They need to be taught a respect for the meaning of words. And they need to be taught elementary logic. All of these things they should have learned in high school or at any rate in the freshman year in college, but mostly they didn't, as any teacher can tell you. For that matter, not a few successful writers would be exposed as close to illiterate if it were not for the diligence of their editors.

But let us assume, as the student himself usually assumes, that he is beyond all this. What he wants when he takes a writing course or attends a writers' conference is to learn how to become a publishable writer. As a matter of fact, what a lot of students want is a magic formula, and they can't be convinced that such formulas don't exist. I have had a student at a writers' conference look at me with an injured expression as if I were wilfully withholding from her the secret that would change her life.

What a writing course can give is, first, encouragement to write regularly, and that is important. It can also promise that at least one person will read what is written, and this is important too. Most of us need some sort of response to what we write. A diet of rejection slips, which is what a beginning writer usually has to expect, is not very nourishing.

In the second place, a writing course or a writers' conference provides the would-be writer with a chance to associate with his kind. When I was teaching a course in novel writing at the New School, I came to understand how little chance there was that a would-be writer would meet other would-be writers unless he sought them out in some such course. The opportunity to find out about the problems of other people was one valuable thing the course offered. And when a piece of writing was read in class, the author had a little audience that was naturally attentive to what he was trying to do.

Finally, there is the contribution of the instructor, and the only safe generalization one can make on that subject is that no instructor can perform miracles. An able instructor may help to develop talent if there is talent to start with. He may give useful hints. He may ask the right questions. He may enter sympathetically into the problems of the student and help to solve them. On the other hand, an instructor who is serviceable to most of his students may hurt some gifted, offbeat individual by pushing him in what is for him the wrong direction.

A correspondence course can perform the first of these functions and part of the third. It cannot provide the companionship of other beginning writers, and it permits no personal contact between student and instructor. Since in my experience conferences have been the most valuable part of writing courses, their absence seems to me a serious loss.

In general I should say that a correspondence course in writing could do more good than harm if two conditions were satisfied: If high standards were set for the selection of students,

(*Continued on page* 35)

FAMOUS WRITERS SCHOOL: If there are those who believe writing can't be taught by mail, a fifty-seven-year-old illustrator named Albert Dorne is not among them. As founder and president of the Famous Writers School, Dorne oversees an optimistic young empire dedicated to the proposition that writers are made, not born. "Sure, we know we can't teach genius or creativity," he says, "but we can teach the basic tools of the trade. After all, they had to teach Heifetz how to play the fiddle."

The school, begun last January, is an offshoot of the thirteen-year-old Famous Artists School, which in 1960 grossed nearly $7,000,000 and enrolled some 13,000 new students in fifty-four countries, bringing total enrollment to about 30,000. Dorne expects his new school to do even better. "As long as we can keep getting teachers," he says, "I see no reason why we shouldn't eventually have 2,000,000 students."

The Famous Writers School is based on the philosophy that the best teacher of writing is a professional writer, not a professional teacher. Working under a "guiding faculty" of twelve well-known writers, the instructors—all of them also writers—evaluate and criticize students' work. A dozen have been hired so far, and the number will be increased.

Every prospective student must first take a "talent test" (sample sentence for revision: "While on a visit to Europe, the editorial office closed for a week"). Those who qualify—about four out of every five—are invited to sign up for the three-year program. Once enrolled, all students take a basic course, then branch off into fiction, nonfiction, advertising, or business writing. As the student completes each assignment, he mails it off to the school's headquarters in Westport, Connecticut ("a place where writing accomplishment and success are taken for granted," according to one of the school's brochures). There, Dorne says, an instructor may spend as much as three hours preparing a detailed criticism, which he sends back to the student within three days.

Dorne is buoyantly confident that his technique, evolved during thirteen years' experience in teaching art by mail, will also work for writing. And so, it would appear, are the students. Some 1,300 have already signed up for the $425 course. —JAMES F. FIXX.

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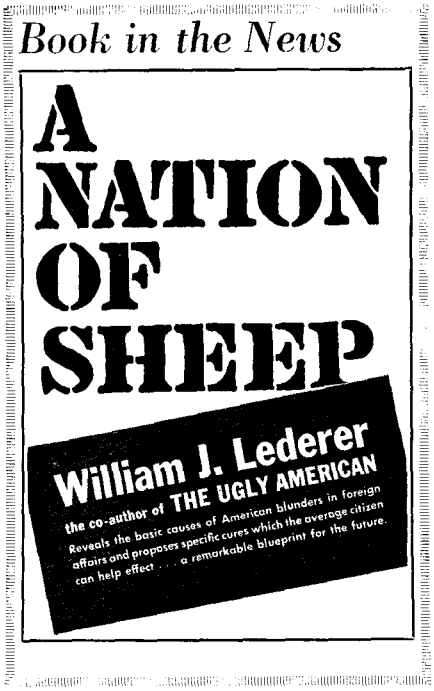
Book in the News


A NATION OF SHEEP
William J. Lederer
the co-author of THE UGLY AMERICAN
Reveals the basic causes of American blunders in foreign affairs and proposes specific cures which the average citizen can help effect . . . a remarkable blueprint for the future.

By LOUIS FISCHER, *who wrote "The Story of Indonesia" and "Russia, America, and the World."*

WILLIAM J. LEDERER, now the *Reader's Digest* Far East Editorial Representative stationed at Honolulu, is the co-author, with Eugene Burdick, of "The Ugly American," a novel. I have not studied the laws of fiction; perhaps they permit liberty with facts. But the first rule of political writing is: If you have a good case, don't kill it through exaggeration and sensationalism. Mr. Lederer wants the right things. He is a courageous crusader enlisted in a worthy cause. But the sweeping generalizations in **"A Nation of Sheep"** (Norton, $3.75) weaken the effect he seeks to achieve, and that is a pity.

Mr. Lederer shouts his thesis from the housetops: "Our foreign-relations business, then, has been run on doubtful facts. We are like a sandlot team sent to play in the World Series. No wonder many of our leaders have been too timid to make difficult decisions. . . . They have not had accurate information on which to base decisions. Mostly they have had second-hand rumors, guesses, and propaganda supplied by ill-informed amateurs." Again: "Our officials —including the President, the Department of Defense, and Congress, frequently have made decisions from ignorance and misinformation." Finally: ". . . I predict a difficult future for the United States of America. A great nation cannot survive for long on a shifty and slippery foundation of self-deception and misinformation."

I submit that this is utter nonsense.

To support his unrestrained total indictment of officials and the public, the author cites instances of propaganda traps, mistranslations, and distortion of facts about Laos, Thailand, Indonesia, Vietnam, Formosa, Korea, and Nationalist China. There is not a scintilla of proof, indeed not even any mention, of faulty U.S. Government knowledge regarding Europe, the Soviet bloc, Latin America, Africa, the Middle East, India, Pakistan, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and Japan—in other words, most of the world.

So Mr. Lederer has attempted to substantiate an all-inclusive charge with very few specifics from too few countries. Even these limited specifics are full of holes. Thus one chapter of six sparsely printed pages is devoted to the proposition that Americans are hoodwinked by the Thais, "whose gentle cleverness," writes the author, "is almost irresistible; I know of only two officials who have not succumbed to it." When I was in Thailand in 1952 every official in the U.S. Embassy, from Ambassador Edwin F. Stanton (and his wife) down to the second secretaries and some stenographers were fully conversant with the corruption of the Thai government and the financial and political cunning of its ministers. A summary of what the embassy staff and others told me will be found by Mr. Lederer in my book "This Is Our World." One sentence reads, "A ministerial portfolio is often the royal road to riches," and I explained the shrewd way it was done. What is more, the embassy's economic, technical, and agricultural experts knew Thailand inside out. Graham S. Quate, the agricultural attaché, who took me upcountry, understood the country's farm problems and assets thoroughly. I have no reason to believe that American officials in Bangkok have since lost their skill.

MR. LEDERER gives half this Thailand chapter to the tale of a Thai editor who talked to a group of Americans in a private home in Honolulu but didn't reveal the truth about his country. Well, it happens that I am acquainted with this witty Thai editor-Prince. I sat at his left arm during an eight-day international conference, where he spoke several times at length and bitingly on the sham Thai democracy and the foul practices of its manipulators. All this was on the record and Americans heard him. In Honolulu the Prince must have been in one of his light, sarcastic moods and pulled his audience's collective leg. What does it prove about U.S. ignorance?

Now as to our "sandlot team" of diplomats who are so misguided and naïve. I have been around in many places for a good many years. Between the First and Second World Wars one occasionally encountered an Ambassador, payee of a fat Presidential-campaign contribution, who did not know where he was or what he had to do. I talked with one such in Poland in 1924 and another in Paris somewhat later. We also shipped abroad a number of cooky-pushers and spat-sports. But even then the average was not bad. For every dud there was a William E. Dodd in Nazi Berlin, a Claude G. Bowers in Loyalist Spain, a John Cudahy in Warsaw, a Dwight Morrow in Mexico, a Winant (during the war) in London, etc.

SINCE America jumped into world affairs with both feet and an open money bag—after 1945—we have had, with exceptions, nothing to be ashamed of. Take Yugoslavia, which I visited every year from 1952 to 1957. The U.S. Embassy was a gold mine of facts and documentation available to any serious journalist willing to dig. Because America was giving Tito military, mining, farming, hydroelectric, and factory equipment and observing its installation and use, embassy men were all over the country and knew it intimately, and those in the top office who collated this material grasped its political connotations. Or take Indonesia in 1958: in a complicated situation U.S. Ambassador Howard P. Jones had established a fruitful, friendly give-and-take with President Sukarno and most members of the Indonesian Cabinet. Close to the Ambassador was a high-ranking adviser who speaks Indonesian (Bahasa), Russian, and Chinese; he is now in our embassy in Moscow. The Army attaché was on interfamily-visiting terms with the big brass in the Indonesian armed services; he gave me several meticulously detailed briefings on the personal histories of generals, colonels, etc., and on the political and combat dependability of this army division and that. The ICA (U.S. aid mission) offered me a treasury of economic information gathered not from Indonesian official handouts but from incessant trips into the field. Or take Poland. Or take India, where the same high standards prevail in the U.S. Embassy. What can Mr. Lederer say in criticism of any of our recent Ambassadors there: George V. Allen, Chester Bowles, John S. Cooper, and Ellsworth Bunker? Does he think that Kenneth Galbraith in New Delhi will do worse, or that Edwin Reischauer will send superficial reports on Japan, or that George Kennan is likely to supply misinformation from

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Belgrade? Nothing is ever good enough. But the foreign service's standards are surely not as low as Mr. Lederer thinks.

After offering an example, Mr. Lederer writes that efforts to influence officials is not unique to China. "Bribery and flattery of a sort is applied to Americans in most of the foreign nations of the world. As a result, the naïve Americans often end up developing a 'real friendship' with ministers and heads of states." This may be true of several Americans in China; Mr. Lederer means Formosa. As an insulting comment on the U.S. foreign service it is unworthy, undignified, unproved, and false.

Mr. Lederer moves from terra incognita to terra firma when he lashes at the American press and Congressional and other VIP junketeers abroad who come, see, and go away unconquered by an iota of comprehension. "Last year," he declares, "there were over 1,000 VIP's recorded as having 'inspected' Hongkong alone—a place which requires little inspection but which is superb for shopping and sightseeing." He excoriates government secrecy to conceal official blunders, interdepartmental feuds, and excessive expenditures. He rails against "Government by Publicity"—the activity of government agencies, Congressmen, and individuals in high places who play to the gallery but overlook the national interest. Lederer blames the press, TV, and radio for printing the news only, without benefit of critical evaluation and refutation. This, he contends, is how the late Senator McCarthy grew to the proportions of a clay colossus. When the demagogue said he had in his hand the names of 205 card-carrying Communists in the State Department the assertion made great headlines throughout the nation but no reporter asked "for a look at the names," which would have exposed the Senator as a "faker." McCarthy worked this technique for years "always getting publicity for his accusations and ravings . . . the press built McCarthyism into prominence"— and I suspect it may still be in the bloodstream.

MR. Lederer is most effective in analyzing the inadequate, defective foreign-news coverage by the daily newspapers, TV, and radio. He might have added magazines. "The average paper," he writes, "devotes only four percent of its news space to foreign affairs." That means that the reader gives world events "approximately three minutes a day," and the headlines rarely correspond to the story. Mr. Lederer praises, in particular, the *New York Times* for its exemplary and full accounts of international developments and lists a

(*Continued on page* 34)

BOOK OF THE WEEK

Of Fission and Fish

"The Voice of the Dolphins and Other Stories," *by Leo Szilard (Simon & Schuster. 122 pp. Hardbound, $3. Paperback, $1), offers a nuclear physicist's satirical speculations on the future. James Yaffe, author of "Nothing But the Night," did the play adaptation of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's "The Deadly Game."*

By James Yaffe

"THE VOICE OF THE DOLPHINS," by Leo Szilard, is a phenomenon. It is a collection of science fiction stories written not by the usual pseudo-scientific journalist but by one of the leading physicists of our era. It is an extraordinarily well-written book by a man who is not a professional writer and whose native language is not English. It is a phenomenon in a deeper sense too. Rarely does one encounter a work of fiction which is at once so stimulating and so exasperating, so hardheadedly perceptive and so sophomorically muddled.

Dr. Szilard's distinguished career gives a more than literary interest to these stories. Along with Enrico Fermi he gets the credit for initiating America's research into atomic fission. He was one of the authors and signers of the famous letter that Einstein sent to President Roosevelt, urging him to appropriate funds for the development of atomic explosives. Later Dr. Szilard was one of the leaders in attempts to establish international control of the bomb. We can hardly keep from feeling a special interest when a scientist with this background produces a work of fiction in which he speculates on the future world created partly by his efforts. It is as if we should suddenly come upon a prophetic history of the United States written by George Washington.

Furthermore, the stories in this book —four short ones and the title story, which takes up more than half the text—are peculiarly suited to a nonliterary examination. In the conventional sense they are not really works of fiction at all. They have no characters in them, no personal conflicts, no love interest or hate interest, no plot twists or big scenes. They are concerned with great movements of men, not with individuals. They are told in the manner of news stories, official reports, or articles in scientific journals. In fact, Dr. Szilard's flair and wit in parodying the "official" style suggests many years of aggravating exposure to it.

And so it is impossible to resist the temptation to read these stories not as literary production but as sociological documents. Such a reading can only leave us with mixed feelings, most of which are associated with the long title story. It is a "report," presumably appearing in some *Atlantic Monthly* of the twenty-first century, about the events that led to the establishing of permanent peace in the latter half of the twentieth century. A number of scientists, with headquarters in Vienna, learn how to communicate with the dolphins, the most intelligent of living creatures. The dolphins proceed to advise the nations of the world on how to settle their disputes. In his deadpan report of the results of this advice—with many complex alliances, diplomatic maneuvers, and summit conferences— Dr. Szilard manages to express his own views about most of the political problems that face us today.

But this is just why the story is so fascinating and so exasperating. He expresses his attitudes much too obliquely. He mingles so much tongue-in-cheek satire with straightforward comment that it is impossible to know when he means to be taken seriously and when he means to be taken lightly. At one point, for example, he develops a subtle and rather shaky argument to the effect that American policy is always determined by extremist minorities operating against the inclinations of the majority; nobody but extremists, he suggests, is really in favor of our continued nonrecognition of Communist China. At another point, however, he makes a turn in his story hinge on the fact that American policy is largely responsive to the public consensus.

Ultimately we are forced to the conclusion that Dr. Szilard's political opinions haven't really been thought through carefully and rationally. Perhaps a growing sense of guilt, not entirely rational itself, over his part in the development of the bomb has produced this effect. Whatever the reason, he expresses opinions on one page that he contradicts on the next, he searches for

(*Continued on page* 16)

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—Lotte Meitner.

The Many Facets of Leo Szilard

WHEN a mutual friend telephoned some months ago to say that Leo Szilard was dying of cancer in a New York hospital, I rushed up to see him. Halfway down the hospital corridor, I heard a voice clearly identifiable as Szilard's. The door to his room was partially open. I peered in and blinked. Szilard was out of bed. The top of the bed had been converted into a working desk suffocated by papers, scientific journals, and manuscripts. Szilard was seated on a straight chair against the side of the bed, one hand holding the telephone receiver, the other making notes. He was giving orders to someone about his X-ray treatments.

He looked up and grinned, then motioned me to a chair on the other side of the bed. I carefully took a mound of papers off the chair and looked around the room for a place to put them. The chest of drawers was already buried under print. So was the night table. Part of the floor along the window was lined with tracts of various sorts. I put the papers back on the chair and sat on them.

I watched Szilard as he characteristically set someone straight on the other end of the phone. He was thinner, much grayer than I had last seen him but he had lost none of his high carbonation. I realized that Szilard regarded his own fight for life as incidental to the main one: the fight for peace. He was one of the three or four scientists most responsible for the liberation of atomic energy; in fact, he and Fermi held the first patent issued on the atomic chain reaction. It was he who made known to Einstein the practical possibility of an atomic explosive. This led to President Roosevelt's historic executive order that resulted in the Manhattan District Project. When the war ended, Szilard began a crusade that was to dominate all his thoughts and action. It was a crusade to head off a world atomic armaments race and what he feared would be the ultimate and almost inevitable result—the nuclear laceration of human society. He was like an idea factory, turning out all sorts of intricate notions and schemes for keeping the arms race from putting an end to the human race. Through it all he never lost his effervescent manner or the joy of laughter. But now, time was running out—for him and for the crusade that was so important to him.

He finished his phoning, then grinned again.

"These radiologists don't know X rays," he said in feigned despair. "I find myself having to give a course in radiology to these fellows. Anyway, I'm the chief consultant on my own case. It's quite fascinating."

I asked how he felt.

"Fine. Say, have you heard the story about Senator Margaret Chase Smith? It seems she was asked by a reporter how she would like to be President and told the reporter the question was too hypothetical to be taken seriously. 'Come now,' the reporter said, 'this is an age for new traditions. We may not be far away from the time when a woman will be President.' Senator Margaret Chase Smith still refused to comment. Finally, the reporter said: 'Very well, Senator, suppose you wake up one morning and find yourself in the White House, what would you do?' Replied Margaret Chase Smith: 'I'd apologize to the First Lady and go home.' "

Szilard let out a roar of delight at his own story, told two more, exulted over the fact that he had found an English secretary who knew how to take telephone messages and could spell, read a passage from a new proposal he had just written having to do with the confrontation between the USA and USSR, reported on some mutual friends he had seen, and told another story.

I found myself adding to the laughter that was reverberating through the hospital corridor. What was happening was clear. Leo Szilard was not only running the doctors; he was running his visitors, creating the mood, governing the conversation. He proceeded to talk about his own plans. Victor Weybright, of New American Library, wanted him to write his memoirs. He was also toying with the idea of bringing together some satirical stories and off-beat essays he had written for private circulation over the years. There was a long piece, dealing with the nuclear race, he wanted to do for the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*. And he was behind in his mail. I looked again at the wild profusion of working papers on the bed, dresser, table, and floor; it would take him at least three years to get caught up. With a working schedule like this, cancer would have to wait.

THAT visit to the hospital was a year ago. Since then, Leo Szilard has been more active than ever. He frequently abandons his hospital room altogether to see people or run his own errands. When he isn't running around he is on the telephone, working on his many scripts, getting people involved in complicated schemes to rearrange the destinies of nations.

One of the writing projects has now materialized: "The Voice of the Dolphin and Other Stories." As already indicated, these were written for personal pleasure and the amusement of his friends. They represent just one side of Szilard. How many other sides there are to him no one knows, not even Szilard. He is without question one of the dozen greatest scientists of the age, his work embracing nuclear physics, chemistry, microbiology, biology, and radiology. The restless inventiveness of his mind knows few modern counterparts. One invention on which he has been working has so far eluded him. He is racing against a deadline to achieve it. The invention of peace. —N.C.

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farfetched explanations without even bothering to recognize the existence of the obvious ones, he draws completely opposite conclusions from the same set of facts; he is as much swayed and confused by emotion, in short, as any of us who have never had the least bit of scientific training.

The shorter stories in the collection show much less of this defect, probably because each one deals with one simple specific idea, starkly presented, uncluttered by equivocations. One of these stories, "My Trial as a War Criminal," is among the most trenchant exposures of the dreary inhumanity of the Communist bureaucratic mind that I have ever read; a little more of its spirit would have been welcome in the title story. The final story, "Report on Grand Central Terminal," is a sideswipe at scientists themselves, at the calm certainty with which they can use impeccable logic to arrive at absurd conclusions. This little fable, though it takes up only a few pages, is a masterpiece of irony that readers should be relishing for a long time to come.

For this is the real value of Dr. Szilard's book: whatever its limitations as a political commentary, it is extremely satisfying as a work of art. In each story he conveys a feeling, an atmosphere that goes far beyond its overt "meaning." Even in the title story, with all its confusion and inconsistency, he gets across brilliantly the hallucinatory quality of what passes for thought in international relations, the quality that is half farce and half nightmare. We may be furious at what Dr. Szilard says about the political situation today, but what he says about the eternal political situation cannot fail to move and delight us. "The Voice of the Dolphins" is written by a scientist who also happens to be an artist—a true phenomenon.

What the Old Man Said

By Herbert A. Kenny

YOU would not understand my references.
Let me be plain: the man who
makes a go of art or less loses his
blinded soul,
has kingdoms, has palaces
that curl into a docile sky.
His mines hollow the earth's core,
his slaves shuttle among the stars;
yet, somewhere in his tiered domains
the immortal crone
sings and sings and sings,
"The last casket is empty."

FICTION

The Relentless Rub

"Saturday Lunch with the Brownings," by Penelope Mortimer *(McGraw-Hill. 208 pp. $3.95), and* ***"The Stone Arbor," by Roger Angell*** *(Little, Brown. 245 pp. $4), two collections of short stories drawn largely from the New Yorker magazine, resemble each other in meaning and content. W. G. Rogers's reviews are syndicated by the Saturday Review Book Service.*

By W. G. Rogers

SHORT stories really don't belong in books. They should be read and savored one by one, just a modest helping at each meal like a couple of cookies from a jar. As soon as you pick up a book the temptation is to stay with it to the end. In these two collections the various pieces suffer a little when your appetite runs away with you, but, as it happens, these particular items could suffer a greal deal and never once pall.

By chance each title story comes second in the index, but it is no chance, presumably, that each is about the best in its group.

Mrs. Mortimer's Brownings consist of husband, wife, two stepchildren by her former marriage, and a child of their own. It's an account of pulling and hauling, of people too much together, of a husband and father too ready to be jury, judge, jailer, and executioner, a man who is just, as his wife acknowledges, but merciless, as she is forced almost hysterically to accuse. The situation blows up in a slap, and in words that are spoken out of fury, and regretted, and most bitterly not forgotten.

Angell's "The Stone Arbor" is again a quarrel within a family, but the cause now lies away from the hearth. An old man seeing the bulldozers threaten the home he has cherished wants his son to help him repel the invaders. But the unsentimental, practical son, with his own domestic problems, sees only a crumbling house, a doddering parent, and a chance to bring in money instead of squandering it.

In each book you find one particular story that makes your hair stand on end. Mrs. Mortimer's is "The Skylight," a terrifying speculation about the unimaginable fate overtaking a child in a deserted house. Angell's is called "In an Early Winter"; bit by bit on a visit to the parents of her new husband a woman becomes aware of a devil-may-care, blundering quality in him that could make him a killer as much as a lover.

But these writers' concern with shivers is not for your sake, but for their characters'. Mrs. Mortimer, for instance, might be proud of the fright she throws into you, but prouder by far of the mad, climactic blow struck by the frenzied mother. In ten out of twenty-five of these stories, which are principally about the relentless rub of people on people, you watch and hear father and son, brother and sister, husband and wife quarrel nastily. If you meet anyone you like, he crashed these pages merely to bring out more clearly the unpleasantness in those you don't like. There are fanciful passages — Mrs. Mortimer's "The White Rabbit" and Angell's "My Own Master" — but mostly these show the human race not being too human: heartless reflections on annihilation by the bomb, the rich man's empty life, the insanely lonely grandmother, the son meanly rivaling his father, the brutal and pitiless portrait of a minister, the father with a fearsome malice pleased that his child's broken leg proves he is right.

The authors hold precisely the same point of view and, with respect to meaning and content, the stories could be swapped from one collection to the other without the reader's knowing it. Each writer seems to have a pet aversion, his a sister not quite so smart as the brother, hers an unchristianlike pastor. However, Mrs. Mortimer is a little more uneven, Angell a little more fancy-free. His broader perspective—America is his scene, England hers—includes the contemporary alarming world, but if her vision is narrower, it can be more intense, as in "The Skylight."

These are superior stories, they come out of our time, they pass judgment on it. All of Mr. Angell's, and most of Mrs. Mortimer's, appeared first in the *New Yorker* magazine.

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Three-Ring Politics

"The Gay Place," by William Brammer *(Houghton Mifflin. 526 pp. $4.95), set in an imaginary state resembling Texas, follows a number of characters who have lost and regained values. Martin Tucker is a member of the English staff of Long Island University.*

By Martin Tucker

THE THEME of political corruption and moral apathy is threaded through the three related novellas that make up "The Gay Place," which won the 1961 Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award. Its virtues lie in the author's understanding of his characters —their many-faceted vices, the boundaries of their aspirations and professional behavior. All three novellas take place in a mythical Southwestern state, whose Governor, Arthur Fenstemaker, serves throughout the book as a kind of father-symbol, looking down on his various errant, confused children.

"The Flea Circus" revolves around Roy Thompson, a young state legislator who is neither a crook nor a zealot. He has remained in the legislature because he drinks well, is likable, and because his family has the money to give him the poll tax vote. Thompson's awakening occurs when he accepts the responsibility of his love for his friend's wife, and when he helps a corrupt politician escape a jail sentence, even though it means a break with the Governor (and this probably means the end of his easy political career).

In the second novella, "Room Enough to Caper," Senator Neil Christiansen has to decide whether he will run for office. His was an appointed term, and now he must put himself on the block before the electorate. Governor Fenstemaker wants him to run, and is pulling all the strings to make him jump into the primary ring. Like Roy Thompson, Neil is a likable guy who is having a difficult time finding any ideal worth his devotion. He substitutes women and drink for passion, and self-pity for compassion. Finally he too has his moment of awakening: success in the primary suggests a new vista of power and a new vision of possibilities.

"Country Pleasures," which contains the book's richest scene (a career girl's seduction of the Governor, and his consequent death), again highlights Brammer's concern with the need for love. Jay McGowan, Governor Fenstemaker's aide, is still another young man searching for an escape from his shackled ego. Married to a glamour queen (who turns out to be spiritually as well as materially richer than her intellectual husband), Jay is able to rebuild his damaged life only through his love for a frightened, temporarily insane girl. This climactic scene is like something out of Nathanael West, and it shows what the author is capable of.

Brammer has a thorough knowledge of the little tricks indulged in by political figures and their not-so-voluntary henchmen. The trouble, however, is that his pace is sometimes so brisk that it leaves a vacuum. Ideas and situations crumble into dust before they've had time to crystallize. The result is a book that is at once intelligent, knowledgeable, and naïve. It rejects all sides but shows great sympathy for the lost souls searching for the gay place, the innocent time, the clean act. The sentiment is clearly with those who are paralyzed through conscience. The difficulty is that there is no heightening of or variation on this theme, and the interrelationship of the characters does not, as in a more integrated novel, make for complexity of feeling or deepening of awareness.

Perhaps an analysis in depth is too much to expect from a thirty-year-old author's first novel. What "The Gay Place" does offer is the excitement of a political carnival; the sideshows, the freaks, and the ghoulish comedy atmosphere are genuine and handled with taste. What is lacking is the voice of an attitude, the strong tones of some personal emotion other than despair.

DOUBLE-THINK IN DENMARK: Hans Jorgen Lembourn's **"The Best of All Worlds"** (Putnam, $3.50) is subtitled "What Voltaire Never Knew." If by that the author means that Voltaire did not know how to make his satire obvious, lead-heavy, and unfunny, then Mr. Lembourn's modern version of "Candide" (translated by Evelyn Ramsden) far outstrips its predecessor. The relationship of the two books is that of a French rapier to a Danish blunderbuss.

The naïve young hero, here called Count Frederick, is accompanied on his strenuously educational peregrinations by a philosopher of sorts named Engelsen, who substitutes a fuzzily Marxian double-think attitude for Pangloss's prototypical mindless optimism. The very name of the Count's tutor (Engels-son; get it?) is indicative of the author's approach to pulling the collective leg of the modern world. And of course there is a counterpart for Cunégonde in Pernille, an easy-virtued maid, who provides (and this switch is also indicative) the sex-relief when the comedy drags, which is often.

All things Left-wing are given the Copenhagen version of the Bronx cheer. Thus, Count Frederick's estate is nationalized and ruined; he and his companions get jobs in the Civil Service, which seem to have been modeled on Parkinson's Law; they tour the Soviet Union and one by one disappear into the maw of a slave-labor camp; then they are swapped for some Russian prisoners held by Franco's Spain (and here the Right is damned); finally they go through a spectrum of conditions of involuntary servitude in the Arab lands before getting back to Denmark. One sincerely hopes they are wiser for their troubles; since the plodding tour was anything but amusing, one can only assume its purpose was educational. Surely one lesson learned is that following in Voltaire's footsteps is no occupation for a melancholy Dane.

—GERALD WALKER.

—Illustrations from "The Best of All Worlds."

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HEADS OF STATE

Mac the Knife's Grandfather

"Sir Robert Walpole: The King's Minister," by J. H. Plumb *(Houghton Mifflin. 333 pp. $5.50), the second volume of a three-part biography, pictures a Rabelaisian country squire who was at once both esthete and statesman. John Clive teaches modern English history at the University of Chicago.*

By John Clive

IT IS only very recently that Sir Robert Walpole, England's Prime Minister from 1722 to 1742, has begun to get a good press. Nineteenth-century historians, full of moral fervor and reforming zeal, tended to regard him as the kingpin of an immense system of political corruption marked by nepotism and peculation, by the sale of offices and the purchase of elections. During his lifetime he had the distinction of seeing arrayed against him not merely a redoubtable collection of political rivals and enemies, but also some of the most brilliant minds and sharpest pens ever dedicated to the denigration of a statesman. It is one thing to have one's Martin, Barton, and Fish (or their eighteenth-century equivalents), but quite another to have as well one's Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift. Walpole coped with them all. His huge girth, his fat, red face, his ostentatiously aristocratic style of life superimposed on his country-squire ways, and, above all, his position of chief and canny dispenser of political patronage lent themselves all too easily to satire and raillery. The ballad singers jeered at Fat Robin and his Robinocracy. And the poet John Gay, taking his revenge for being fobbed off by Walpole with the less than exalted position of gentleman-usher to a princess all of two years old, modeled his highwayman Captain Macheath in the "Beggar's Opera" on him, thus making him the true ancestor of "Mac the Knife."

It was a good thing that Walpole was endowed with a thick skin, part of a constitution capable of prodigies both of work and dissipation. In many ways he always remained the Norfolk squire: endearing himself to the country gentlemen in Parliament by munching little red apples sent to him from his estate during important debates, consuming vast quantities of food and drink, hunting and wenching with the best of them, and habitually using language that grated even on hardened eighteenth-century ears. ("I took the right sow by the ear," he remarked about his astute policy of ingratiating himself with the Prince of Wales's wife rather than with his mistress.)

But no one has shown better than J. H. Plumb the folly of labeling Walpole as a mere epitome of the coarseness and corruption of his age. The Minister who loved to tell dirty stories and to drink the assembled company under the table was the same man who personally supervised the building of Houghton Hall, one of the most beautiful of English country houses, a model of good taste and esthetic harmony. The vain epicure who delighted in satins and jewels and vintage wines was to be found at his desk by eight o'clock each morning—an omnivorous reader of dispatches, a grand master of administrative detail who kept a firm and knowledgeable hold of every aspect of government and policy. The ruthless and clever politician who sought power with undeviating intensity, and, having gained it, proceeded to enrich himself, and his associates, was also the brilliant statesman who, surmounting succeeding crises, kept England prosperous and at peace for a generation.

How he did so, how he brought his skill, his energy, and his common sense to bear on the delicate task of managing both an unruly House of Commons and two exacting royal masters during a critical period of English history is the story Dr. Plumb tells in this masterly second volume of his Walpole biography—a work that will surely rank for many years to come as an outstanding achievement in the field of historical writing. The book is not easy reading. The problems of this period are complex; and the author evades none of them. But ample rewards await those who take the plunge.

There are also small and delightful nuggets to be garnered, such as Dr. Plumb's description of that royal mistress whom Walpole so shrewdly spurned: ". . . a cool, witty, elegant creature of modest physical charms who had become slightly deaf as the years passed, a defect which may not have been all loss with a lover as loquacious as George II"; or his truly Gibbonian comment on Father Dubois, recompensed by the premiership of France and a Cardinal's hat for catering to the carnal appetites of his pupil the Duc d'Orléans: "He deserved the former as much as he disgraced the latter." But, more important, the attentive reader will have the great and serious reward of observing how a shrewd, ambitious politician, schooled in the ways of the world, cynical about human nature, averse to cant and high-flown verbiage, contemptuous of Utopian schemes of world improvement, was able by dint of industry, intelligence, and common sense to steer his country safely and wisely through treacherous shoals and threatening storms.

—From the book.

Sir Robert Walpole — "The ballad singers jeered at Fat Robin."

—Bettmann Archive.

Philippe, Duc d'Orleans—"much abused nephew of Louis XIV." **(See page 19.)**

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The Gallant Failure

"The Scandalous Regent," by W. H. Lewis *(Harcourt, Brace. 218 pp. $4.50), modifies neither the licentiousness nor the ability and charm of Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, Regent of France for Louis XV. A professor of history at New York University, Leo Gershoy is the author of "From Despotism to Revolution."*

By Leo Gershoy

THE MANY readers of W. H. Lewis's earlier volumes, most notably "The Splendid Century" and "The Sunset of the Splendid Century," will not be disappointed with this magnificent reconstruction of the life and times of Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, and his family. It is a long-overdue rehabilitation of the person and the career of the much abused nephew of Louis XIV, who in his forty-first year, on September 2, 1715, became the Regent of France for the five-year-old infant ruler, Louis XV, great grandson of the unlamented Sun King.

To the writing of this engrossing and pulsating kaleidoscopic picture the author brings the skills of a trained historian steeped in the contemporary writings and as appreciative of the large forces at work as of the actors involved in the story. He writes with brilliance, wit, and grace about the Proustian gallery of characters who move in and out of his pages, at once joined and set apart in an almost surrealist dualism of love and hatred, plotting and planning, of antagonisms tinctured by affection, and esteem alloyed with indifference or apathy. Of the Duke himself, who provides the connecting thread in this occasionally baffling labyrinth, Mr. Lewis's treatment is both compassionate and judicial, unblinkingly frank and full on Orléans's notorious *vie scandaleuse* yet mindful of the much less heralded merits of an extraordinarily able and charming man of the best intentions.

Kings, statesmen, dissolute rakes, ladies of dubious virtue if any at all, ecclesiastics, some worthy, others no distinction to their order, all move about on the broad and ever-changing panorama. But it is on the Duke that the narrative is focused before and after the well-planned, bold coup which quashed the testament of Louis XIV and made Orléans the all-powerful Regent of the realm.

Versailles and Paris were quick in their response to the opportunity that the seasoned roué had created for himself. Cold-shouldered and virtually disgraced, he found himself popular overnight, the custodian of many hopes for the changes that he promised, changes eagerly awaited after the crushing half century of Louis XIV's misrule. The opportunity came too late. The legacy was too heavy a burden to liquidate, the rival interests too powerful and entrenched, the Regent himself old and worn out. His assets were many, his liabilities weighty. In appearance he was not prepossessing, with his short, squat figure, his brick-red countenance, his bad eyesight, and his limping gait. But his face was open and pleasant, and there were few who did not yield to his irresistible charm, his deep fund of gaiety. A man without conceit and largely immune to flattery, he cared little for power itself—even more, he was incapable of using it for what he knew it was worth.

For this cultivated prince of the blood, who talked so well and read so widely, who had shown unusual competence on the battlefield and in administration, this man of artistic interests and taste, was defeated in advance when he began the sporadic attempts at reform that the author carefully analyzes. Held capable if not guilty of poisoning and incest, he was the victim of vicious education at court and the many years of enforced inactivity that the jealousy of Louis XIV had imposed on him. From frustration and idleness, as well as from inclination, he cultivated and flaunted his vices. Plunged into debauch, he became utterly cynical. He was too tired and depleted physically and emotionally to have the courage of his convictions and persevere in a course that difficulties beset.

The eight years of his regency then were the record of a failure, but "a gallant failure." For the balance sheets of that failure, as Mr. Lewis draws them up, are not without many credits to his account. If Philippe's vices were real enough, there was in them as much fashion as passion, of pose as of urge. He was not without honor; his treatment of Madame, his mother, was generous and honest; with his wife he was as considerate as the lady merited; on the most dissolute of his children, the Duchesse de Berri, he lavished constant affection. Irresolute, nonchalant, disillusioned, and contemptuous of the ordered hypocrisies of court life, for all his far-reaching ideas, his concern for the well-being of the people, his tolerance, and his liberal thought, he gave his country little more than tokens of what he might have done.

Orléans has waited long for an understanding biographer. In this moving work, where the chronicle of his scandals is joined to a probing and sympathetic assessment of his virtues, the calumniated Regent has found him.

Man Lies Abed

By Raymond Holden

IT IS earlier than you think. A rising cloud
And spread of burning, sulphurous and loud,
Far larger than a hand, is in the sky,
Working to weaken morning in the eye.
What shall it find to ruin, if it comes
Pouring its rebel envy on our homes?
That vessel of mind and soul, God's paradigm,
Or man, the embodiment of wasted time,
Naked, with only fear of change to show
For all there was to be, to have, to know?
It is earlier than you think. Man lies abed
With the cover pride pulled high above his head.
How shall he pass the time, instant or age,
Yet left to him on this unstable stage
Playing the part of one who has not died?
It is not God, but terror deified,
The fear of death, in whose image man was made.
It is still early for the unafraid.

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Put Poets Into Space

THE idea of man in space is an explosion in the imagination. It shakes free the sense of wonder; it cracks open a vast area of the human potential; it confronts the intelligence with the prospect of an encounter with the infinite. But it also adds to the terror. Not terror from what is unknown about space but from what is known about man. These cosmic vehicles are the forerunners of space platforms carrying loaded nuclear pistols pointed at the head of man on earth. A great ascent has taken place without any corresponding elevation of ideas. Man has raised his station without raising his sights. He roams the heavens with the engines of hell.

No human being who ever lived was able to see more of the world than Yuri Gagarin. No human being was ever in a better position to reflect on human destiny. Yet at precisely the moment that he should have been asserting the cause of man he was asserting the cause of the nation. The one thing on earth that most needed to be left behind—the sense of the tribe—he had carried securely with him. A magnificent new vantage point was not enough to offset an old perspective. Into the center of the focused view came the national flag.

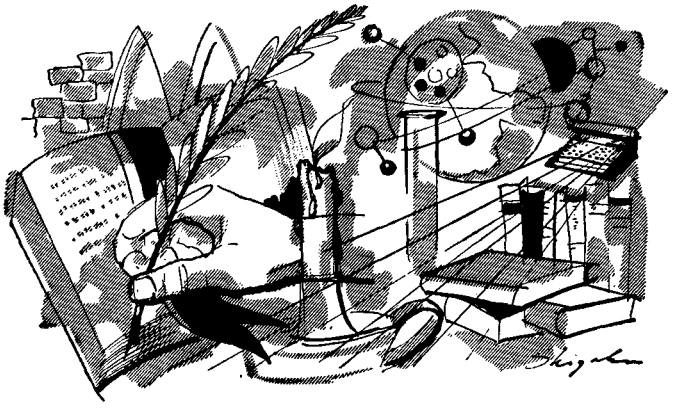
This is not to say that there is anything wrong or unnatural about a surge of national pride over such an event. Nor is it strange that the reaction in the United States should have been registered so largely on the level of the national ego-hurt, with assurances from government that we were not too far behind. In the context of a struggle for world balance of power, for prestige, and for pre-eminence, every gain is bound to be posted on the competitive scoreboard. But at some point the human race must have its innings. An assessment must ultimately be made in terms of human development. In the end, it is not the nation but man who will have to account for the record of life on earth.

THE heart of the problem is that the earth dwellers, whether they live in eastern or western hemispheres, have not prepared themselves adequately for the journey into space. We have directed our attention to machinery rather than motives. We have been concerned with blast-off when we should have been thinking about basic purpose. In a more general sense, our education bears all the marks of specific earth gravity. We have been part of the cosmos but we have tended to regard it as scenery rather than a total abode. Copernicus, Einstein, and Shapley notwithstanding, man still sees man as the center of the universe. We have cheapened our Gods by cutting them down to accessible size and separating them from a concept beyond infinity. It is as though we had been preparing for Beethoven by listening to hyenas.

The journey into space is, or should be, a sublime experience. The selection of astronauts ought not to be confined to men in the military or in technology. Why not poets, philosophers, or theologians? If it is said that space has stern physical requirements, the problem can be met. There are strapping fellows among those who have demonstrated their capacity to think creatively and who have some convictions about the nature of man. One of the prime requisites for an astronaut is not just his ability to follow a specified procedure and to take measurements but to be able to be at one with a new environment. A space ship requires true perspective. This is nothing that can be imparted in a course on astronautics; it comes with the responsible development of intellect and insight. A respect for the human spirit may be even more important than a knowledge of centrifugal force. Moreover, a certain artistry is called for when man proposes to range the universe. It is an artistry both of personal response and ability to communicate. For when the astronaut returns to earth his message should be more than an excited series of remarks on a fabulous journey. The returning messenger should have the ability to impart a sense of great new connections that may transform life as we have known it.

Men like Paul Tillich, Reinhold Niebuhr, Lewis Mumford, and Robert Frost may be too old to withstand the rigors of training for such an assignment, but at least they ought to be consulted on the younger men who may be equal to the job. In the meantime, the rest of us can try to prepare ourselves to accord a full measure of comprehension to the dimensions of a new age. There is something else we can do. We can try to chart a direction for human survival with at least as much concentration of effort as we are putting into a trip to the moon.

—N.C.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE EICHMANN TRIAL

AMID ALL THE ink already shed about the Eichmann trial the few words by Hans Zeisel in his article "Who Are the Guilty?" [*SR*, Apr. 8] stand out. In this greatest of all recorded crimes there are no innocent witnesses: each of us stands in the dock of his own agonized conscience. Perhaps if "Who Are the Guilty?" reaches a large audience, a few more will be forced to see their own faces in the glass.

VIRGINIA N. WHITEHILL.
Westport, Conn.

MY THANKS FOR printing Professor Zeisel's moving and incisive article. I only hope that the article will be widely read. No other writer or commentator, to the best of my knowledge, has so precisely documented the implications and meaning of the Eichmann trial. . . . The disease of Western civilization in the twentieth century is that of indifference. Professor Zeisel's article is a welcome antidote to this disease.

DAVID ANTMAN.
Forest Hills, N. Y.

MANY THANKS FOR Hans Zeisel's brilliant examination of the guilty parties in the Eichmann affair.

Americans would seem to be clustered at two poles concerning the trial: either a sturdy indifference born of profound ignorance, or an enthusiasm for revenge. Both poles, I feel, blur the issue and completely miss the point. It is heartening indeed to see a thoughtful piece in an American magazine presenting a rational analysis.

GARY DUNFORD.
Syracuse, N. Y.

THE PRAYER referred to by Hans Zeisel, *mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa,* puts the guilt where it belongs—on the individual. If the world is to be changed, the change will be wrought by individuals who respond to the Eichmanns of this world with the cry *"Mea maxima culpa."*

FRANCIS L. RYDEN.
St. Louis, Mo.

IT IS MORE SIGNIFICANT that Eichmann's crimes were perpetrated against humanity than that they were specifically directed against one particular group. Since the trial is being conducted by the directly offended group, justice may perforce lose some dignity in the process, regardless of the fairness of the trial.

JOHN A. PIZER.
Phoenix, Ariz.

THE KANGAROO TRIAL of Adolph Eichmann ought to frighten us all. Are these thugs to be allowed to get away with kidnapping a man from one continent to stand trial on another continent for legal "crimes" committed on a third . . . ?

MARTIN HENDERSON.
New York, N. Y.

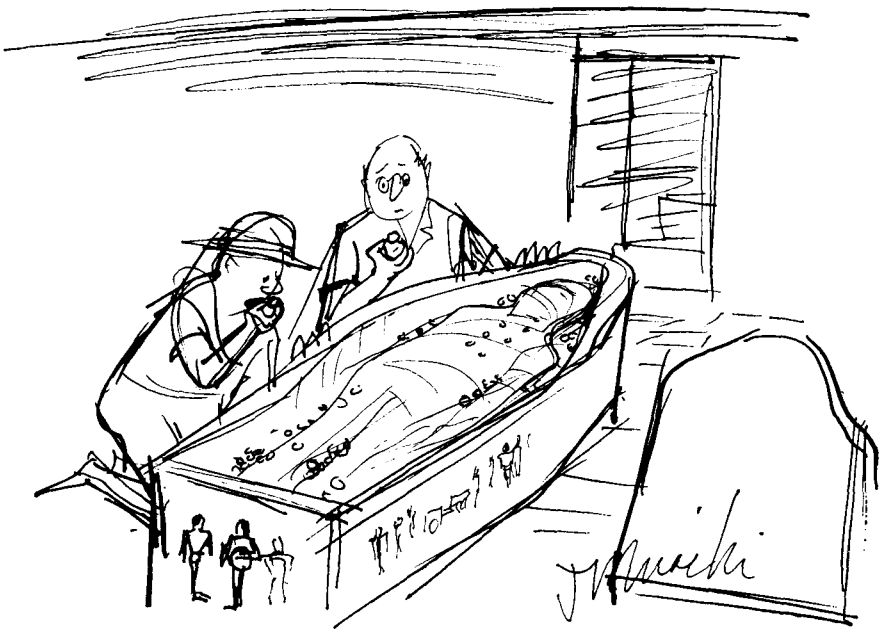
AS AN ISRAELI, I found your articles on the Eichmann case very interesting. . . . Eichmann's crimes were committed in many countries and he could be made accountable to tribunals in at least ten different countries. This would hardly solve the problem of bringing him to proper justice. The fact is that it was Israel that sought him out, and, being in Israeli territory, he is within the jurisdiction of Israeli law. The concentration in Israel of Eichmann himself, of 300,000 survivors of his "final solution" who are potential witnesses, and of the most extensive documentation in existence, would seem to make Israel the most valid, if not the only possible venue for this trial.

CHARLES KANNER.
Washington, D. C.

PROFESSOR ZEISEL'S answers to the commonly heard question "Who Are the Guilty?" enumerate examples of individual tragedies caused by the action or inaction or lack of courage of little officials. These can be continued ad infinitum and ad absurdum. Since there is no end of the possible answers, and therefore some doubt of the correctness of the question, the tremendous moral complexity of this problem becomes apparent; it cannot be disentangled by any simple formula, not even by the self-accusing, passionate outcry of *nostra maxima culpa.*

As anybody who had the good fortune to survive with me six years of Buchenwald and Auschwitz can testify, it was mainly a good deal of luck that brought about survival, but the suffering was made tolerable only by a strong conviction that these indescribable and unbelievable happenings were only symptoms of a horrible collective disease. Its cause and extent could hardly be grasped and its outcome remained uncertain. The ghastly absurdity of the symptoms of this disease gave us a sense of unreality and with it the faith that this hellish spectacle could not last. Even now the remembrance of these events is only bearable by interpreting them as symptoms of a horrid and unique collective psychosis which has passed. One can only hope that it will not return. Whether the Eichmann trial will help strengthen the immunity of the world to this evil remains uncertain.

PAUL HELLER, M.D.
Riverside, Ill.



"By gosh! You're right . . . they *are* mothballs."

TIED SCORE

GEORGE SOKOLSKY and Norman Cousins charged past each other in their recent joust [*SR*, Apr. 1] on "Is War Inevitable?" without the slightest collision. However, each scored effectively without unhorsing the other. Certainly, as Mr. Sokolsky maintains, we are presently at war with the Soviet Union, even though violence is only sporadic. And certainly Mr. Cousins is correct that nuclear annihilation is avoidable because both sides recognize the mutual advantage of such avoidance.

The two articles complement each other in clarifying both the nature of the present conflict and the prospects for keeping it nonviolent.

CONRAD G. STEINHOFF.
Springfield, Ill.

ONE VERY BRIEF comment on the debate between Mr. Sokolsky and Mr. Cousins, a debate intelligently and cogently argued by both sides. If the United States acts *as if* war (by any definition) is inevitable, it is; if it acts as if war may be averted, it may be. Also, some like it hot, some like it cold. I like it cold.

HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER,
University of Louisville.
Louisville, Ky.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Cirque de Broadway

NOWHERE is the transient mixing of pure innocence and sleazy fake better illustrated than in a carnival. And the new musical, **"Carnival,"** based on the film "Lili," succeeds in painting many aspects of this perilous process.

The show begins with a poetically bleak setting, into which straggles a troupe of run-down grifters and cheap performers. Before our eyes they unenthusiastically transform the bare scene with banners, wagons, and tents into a world that has the face of magic and wonder for those innocent enough to delight in the world as it appears rather than it really is. This carnival, like modern life, has seen better days and the majority of the performers are doomed to create for others illusions they cannot share themselves.

Into this cynical backstage world wanders a waif, who is the soul of innocence and who is most responsive to its tinsel surface. She falls in love with a slick and handsome magician, who hires her as his assistant. Only her divine candor, which causes her to kill his act by overpraising it aloud onstage, saves her from seduction, since it forces the carnival to dismiss her. The shock almost results in her committing suicide, but fortunately Lili is charmed back to the land of the living by a young puppeteer who restores her shattered innocence. The rest of the musical is a struggle for Lili between the puppeteer and the prestidigitator.

The fable is ideal for musical comedy, and director Gower Champion, scene designer Will Stevens Armstrong, costume designer Freddy Wittop, and puppet creator Tom Tichenor have fashioned a splendid-looking and vital illustration of the tale. They have been aided in their task by a fresh cast headed by Anna Maria Alberghetti. Miss Alberghetti brings to the stage an extraordinary singing voice that has the breathy simplicity and high-pitched trueness of a delicate flute; she is most effective in a nostalgic song about her home town of "Mira-near Werp." She is also delightfully funny as she interrupts the magician with her sung verses of spontaneously interjected praise. And she manages an emotional fulness in the final love duet despite the paucity of preparation for it in the preceding script.

As the puppeteer, Jerry Orbach employs his remarkably compelling stage presence to conquer an underwritten role. James Mitchell dances with dash as the philandering magician. And Kaye Ballard suceeds in being very funny in the Nancy Walker tradition as the magician's mistress. Her song "Humming," in which she complains about being treated as badly as a wife, is most amusing. Furthermore, in "Always Always You" Miss Ballard reminds us that she possesses all the requisites to star in a musical of her own.

But the most accomplished star in "Carnival" is Pierre Olaf, and in one comic dance he creates with inimitable style and dazzling vigor the bygone glamour of the "Grand Imperial Cirque de Paris." Unfortunately Mr. Olaf seems so talented and so true that his presence is by contrast a reminder of the show's lack of authenticity in its dialogue, its lyrics, and to some extent in its music.

Perhaps its American creators—Michael Stewart, who wrote the book, and Bob Merrill, who composed the music and lyrics—would have been better advised to transpose "Lili" into an American carnival, instead of one that looks French but only occasionally sounds it. And might it not be better to use the film's famous theme song rather than to compose one that sounds like it, but isn't quite?

Nevertheless, "Carnival" is a beautiful and poetic conception sprinkled with fresh talent and humor. It adds up to a universally appreciable evening of musical theatre despite its one embarrassingly superb number.

—HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"AND MADLY TEACH"

According to Professor Arnold Lazarus of the University of Texas at Austin, educational problems have been the themes of numerous novels, ten of which he has catalogued in Column Two. He asks you to assign each title to its main problem as stated in Column One. Identifying the authors is not required homework, but their names are given with the answers, which are on page 36.

1. A committee of a state senate investigates the activities of an organization man who is in the market for young geniuses. ( ) "Nicholas Nickleby"
2. The citizens of Liberty Hill idolize a teacher whose rules afford them escape from having to make up their minds. ( ) "This Side of Paradise"
3. The protagonist in this story deplores the segregation of vocationals and liberal arts majors. ( ) "Look Homeward, Angel"
4. A young man denies himself the pleasures of a cosmopolitan education in preference to more provincial rigors. ( ) "The Last Puritan"
5. Like his spiritual predecessor, Huck Finn, this protagonist regards many of his contemporaries as phonies. ( ) "The Late George Apley"
6. A proper Bostonian derives no pleasure from the social, economic, and political rise of the uneducated (those, that is, not educated at the right schools). ( ) "The Catcher in the Rye"
7. A college president faces the dilemma of retaining or firing a professor who *pretends* to have been a Communist. ( ) "The Groves of Academe"
8. Under inspired teaching at a "fitting school," an intending writer hears far off the thunder on the rails. ( ) "The Blackboard Jungle"
9. This character loves the spires of Nassau even while he castigates them as status symbols. ( ) "Good Morning, Miss Dove"
10. This young man revolts against corrupt practices at Dotheboys Hall. ( ) "The Child Buyer"

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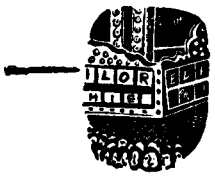


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

It's Chemistry

WHAT MAKES one film a hit, another a flop? In Hollywood, the standard answer is "chemistry." This film made it because it had the right "chemistry," that one failed because its "chemistry" was wrong. "Chemistry" gives a good, solid, scientific ring to the world's greatest guessing game. For a producer *is* guessing when, more than a year before release, he begins to assemble the ingredients of story, star, director, and writer who will—if he is lucky, if he has guessed right—come up with a winning picture. Today, with relatively few films in production, he is in a position to hand-pick his talent. Stories, more often than not, come from a hit play, or a best-selling novel. It is the audience that remains the unknown quantity—an audience at least twelve months removed from the time the decisions are made and the production committed.

Curiously, although we like to think it is the market place that determines these things, the sheer expense of launching a movie—the ad campaigns, the publicity and exploitation—often impels a company to re-examine the "chemistry" of its attractions just in advance of release. Why throw good money after bad? One cannot help but suspect, however, that the chemical analysis to which pictures are subjected at this point is every bit as much guesswork as when they were launched.

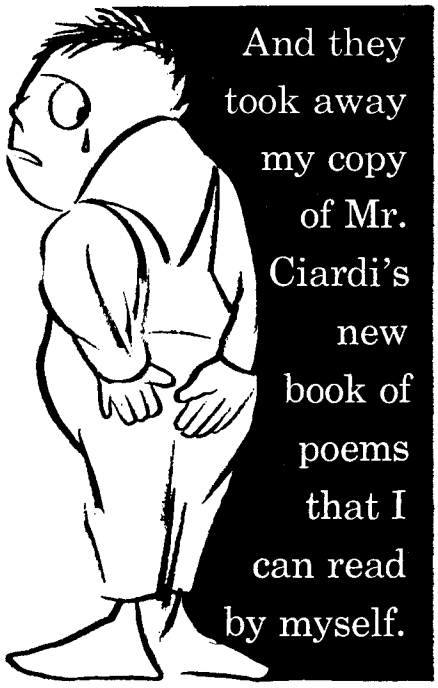
The reason for these reflections is two current pictures from Warner Brothers, **"Parrish"** and **"The Sins of Rachel Cade."** Both are based on novels, both appear to have been budgeted in about the same bracket, both feature fairly well-known actors, and both might be expected to appeal to the same audience—the matinee trade that likes its problems poly-unsaturated, with a smidgen of sex and a pinch of exotic background (in Technicolor) to spice the proceedings. And yet "Parrish" went into the Music Hall, while "Rachel Cade"—a kind of Protestant "Nun's Story"—opened ingloriously on a double bill in Brooklyn. Obviously, someone decided it had the wrong "chemistry"—and long before the public got near it.

"Parrish," based on a novel by Mildred Savage, is set in the tobacco lands of Connecticut, and features a plot as complicated as they come. In the title role, Troy Donahue is seemingly irresistible to the girls of the valley. When his mother, Claudette Colbert, marries tobacco tycoon Karl Malden, Parrish is juggling affairs with a farm hand's daughter and the daughter of a local planter, and is being pursued by tycoon's daughter. Initiated into the art of tycoonery, he quits in disgust when he finds one of Malden's sons setting fire to an independent field. After a two-year hitch in the Navy, however, he is back in the valley, ready to operate his own field, and presumably to marry the tycoon's daughter.

All of this, although detailed at great length, never quite makes drama. The characters are constantly on the move, tangling and clashing, shouting at each other, cooing at each other; but always in a strangely tentative way, as if Delmer Daves, who both wrote and directed, shied away from any great outbursts of passion or even emotion. His film is smooth, handsome, and, despite the burning fields and a climactic brannigan, unexciting. Indeed, Daves seems far more fascinated by the processes of growing tobacco than by the growth of any of his characters. As in "A Summer Place," he trains his cameras lovingly on the New England countryside and manipulates his people mechanically in front of it. Of all the many newcomers in the cast, Connie Stevens, a "Hawaiian Eye" regular, is particularly promising—an attractive blonde with a dryly musical voice and an instinct for small, telling gestures.

UNDER happier circumstances, "The Sins of Rachel Cade" might have been a prime showcase for the talents of Angie Dickinson, who has been buried up to now in secondary roles and second-rate films. Although "Rachel Cade" is no classic, she carries it alone. As a young missionary nurse determined to carry on God's work in the (pre-Kasavubu) Congo, Rachel heals the sick, fights native superstition, resists Peter Finch and—for a time—Roger Moore. If most of the situations have already been touched by the magic of Audrey Hepburn, Miss Dickinson manages to make them seem intensely her own.

Where, then, did the "chemistry" go wrong? Perhaps screenwriter Edward Anhalt made the mistake. Working from Charles Mercer's novel, he incorporated some fairly sophisticated, even challenging, questions about the nature of God and native superstitions, and skilfully pointed up two cultures in conflict with each other. One would imagine that both of these would be of interest to audiences today—but they are not, apparently, to the Great Chemist who decides these things.—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



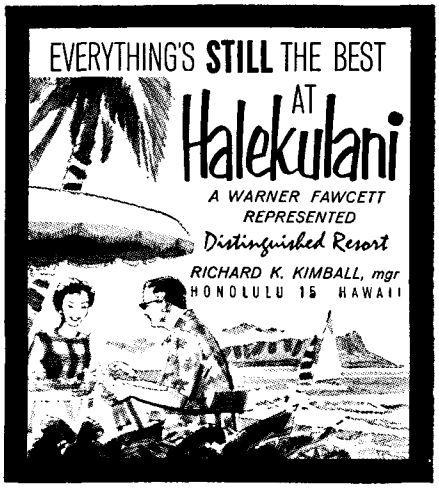
I Met a Man

JOHN CIARDI

Illustrated by Robert Osborn

$2.75 2 colors 74 pp.

Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston



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TV AND RADIO

Background to "Focus"

THE Public Affairs Department of NBC-TV, I have learned, is considering the presentation, perhaps in late spring, of a dramatized version of "Focus," Arthur Miller's "angry first novel," written a generation ago. The work would be presented under the joint auspices of the network and the American Jewish Committee's Institute of Human Relations. Early in 1960, when the Institute was opened, the committee and the network cooperated in the production of "Destiny's Tot." This was a dramatization of Robert Lindner's memorable book, "The 50 Minute Hour," which probed the psychoneurotic development of an American Nazi. Imaginatively adapted by Lee Pogostin and brilliantly directed by Fielder Cooke, the production was one of the two most exciting dramas of the 1960 television season. The same gifted director is involved in the plans for the adaptation of "Focus," which will be written by Don Mankiewicz; and Mr. Miller himself has contributed with keen interest to the preliminary discussions of this new and noteworthy television project.

Under ordinary circumstances, "Focus" on TV, produced by this creative team, would promise one of television's high spots in 1961. Against the background of the Eichmann trial, the event would make a contribution to common humanity's fight against race prejudice far outweighing the comparatively minor cost ($40,000) involved in realizing the production. It would provide what may be termed a bifocal view of anti-Semitism, which is symbolically the defendant in the dock in Jerusalem. The distant focus will be adequately defined, no doubt, by the intensive radio and television coverage of the trial as it proceeds. Israel is determined, apparently, to prolong, possibly to four months, a spectacle that is supposed to stir the conscience of the world. The broadcasters, sensing the great public interest in the trial, will stay with the story for all it is worth. To the public it seems to be worth much—not only because the pursuit, capture, and judgment of Adolf Eichmann is a thrilling international intrigue, but also because the abominable Nazi apocalypse itself continues to fascinate the moral nature in mankind as it searches in bewilderment for the answer to the question: why was it permitted to happen?

No one knows whether the Eichmann trial will produce a satisfactory answer. Many observers doubt that the trial will serve the cause of international justice. The danger, however, from the communications viewpoint, is clear. It lies in the strong probability that American audiences, on TV and radio, will see Eichmann and the Nazis as "those other fellows, not us." What a comforting escape mechanism—to see the crime and the guilt as separated from ourselves by an ocean and an era! Another focus, the near one, is necessary to balance the image; and Arthur Miller's "Focus," on television, could lend important weight to the right side of the scale.

As planned by Fielder Cooke and Don Mankiewicz, the novel would be updated for television. The crude, physically brutal, Christian Front anti-Semitism of the Thirties is no longer fashionable. But the virus itself—restrained, polite, shorn of overt violence—persists. It may be a sign of some progress that anti-Semitism has now become a problem at higher social levels, but it does not follow that the subtler the evil the less dangerous. To the communication of this insight the TV "Focus" would be devoted. The hero would still be the middle-class, organization-man bigot, a non-Jew who discovers he has to wear glasses because his eyes give him trouble, and who oddly "looks like a Jew" when he puts on his glasses.

HE would still experience profoundly his own anti-Semitism in reverse; but the villains would neither be Nazi, past or present, nor uncontemporary muscled hoodlums. They would be his own neighbors—the nice people down the block. They would rationalize their unconscious hatreds in apparently reasonable social and economic terms. It would be difficult for a viewer to place them "across the international tracks." Each viewer would be drawn into the same circle of identification, to measure himself against the image on the screen. However adequate such therapy might prove, the shock of self-recognition in many cases would be salutary for the mental health of the nation. The cause of sanity for Americans of all races would be indebted to the NBC Public Affairs Department—if it finds its way to presenting "Focus."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

A magical tale of England in the days when Napoleon's fleet was poised for invasion

It was a trying time for all of England, but especially for newlywed Mary Everdon, whose husband was involved with another woman. Some said she was one of those who gathered on the Moors to work incantations against the French, as they had against the Spanish Armada. Whatever she was, witch or wanton, she was dangerous.

CORNER OF THE MOON
By Shirley Barker
author of SWEAR BY APOLLO
$4.00, now at your bookstore Crown

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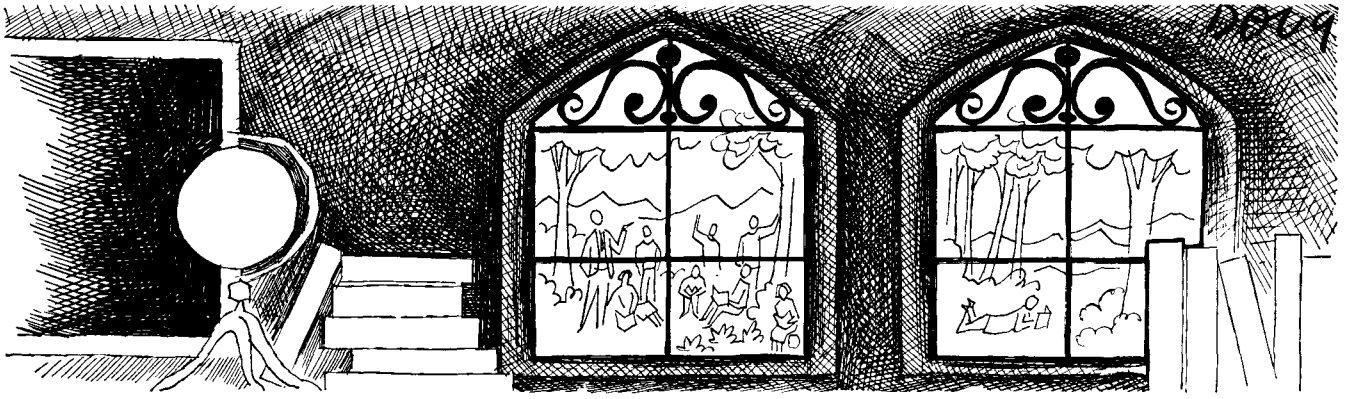
SR's Annual Preview of Summer Conferences



WORKSHOPS FOR WRITERS

By GORHAM MUNSON, *author, instructor at the very early Bread Loaf Writers' Conferences, and director of the new Florham Park-Madison Writers Conference of Fairleigh Dickinson University.*

THE SUMMER writers' conference is one of the beneficent inventions of the literary 1920s. First there was Bread Loaf and then there was Boulder (Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains), and then in the last years of the Thirties the conference idea divided and proliferated. The Bread Loaf model was a two-week session. A three-day conference was originated at the University of Oklahoma in 1938, and today we count more than a score of short conferences. The University of New Hampshire in 1938 and Indiana University in 1940 led the way in the expansion of long-session conferences. Long or short, the summer conference became an institution and in the 1950s flourished—a circuit of some fifty-odd conferences providing enough employment to create a new kind of teacher, respectfully known as "the writers' conference bum."

The "writers' conference bum"—at the University of Connecticut Writers' Conference I heard the man of letters Allen Tate apply the term to himself, so none of us need fear the epithet—is an old pro, a writer-teacher (one who can write *and* teach), who goes to two or three conferences in a summer and gets books dedicated to him after a time by conferees whom he has stimulated to greater production. I name Charles Angoff, John Ciardi, and Phyllis Whitney as itinerant writers' conference staff members—Ciardi is also a director—who keep up the remarkable vitality the institution has shown.

Indeed, I would credit the writers' conference with having had much to do with "the revolution in the teaching of writing" that took place between 1935 and 1950. What happened was that the teaching of writing was taken away from the academics and given to practising writers and practical editors. Professional standards came in and a professional spirit was inculcated. Early Bread Loaf instructors like Bernard De Voto, Wallace Stegner, and Fletcher Pratt were predecessors of the revolution.

Nineteen-sixty-one looks like a good year for the conferences. True, a shocking number of seemingly well-established conferences have dropped out—why, I have not been able to determine. But the replacement rate has been high. In fact, our directory is longer than last year's by six, numbering fifty-three active conferences for 1961.

The greatest advances made by writers' conferences in the last decade have been in specialized fields. Inspired by Dr. Ben Browne, the religious writers' conference has won great popularity at Green Lake, Wisconsin, the parent religious conference, and has been successful at its offspring conferences at St. Davids, Pennsylvania; Berkeley, California, and Syracuse University. Technical writers are now well served by two conferences. In the West the Institute in Technical and Industrial Communication sponsored by Colorado State University will hold its fourth annual session. In the East the Technical Writers' Institute at Rensselaer Polytechnic has done so fine a coaching job since 1953 that many firms have sent employees there for the sharpening of their communication skills.

Experimentation is in the air in the New York metropolitan area. Rust Hills, who has been organizing symposia for *Esquire* around the country, has changed both the name and the curriculum of the New York City Writers Conference at Staten Island. The new name is the Wagner College Writers Conference, and the curriculum is limited to three workshops (novel, poetry, playwriting). The appeal is to the young writer with serious literary aims, and the conference will depart from the Bread Loaf norm toward an intensive seminar type of session.

An experiment will also be tried at Fairleigh Dickinson University (Madison, N.J., campus). A standard residential conference will be held there in August to be followed, if the conferee wishes to continue, with a home progress session. The "Fairleigh Dickinson idea" is to provide editorial supervision after the regular conference session ends, and this may become the genesis of a new sub-type of writers' conference, one that combines the "live" conference with the correspondence course.

For details of the stimulating programs offered by more than fifty conferences, consult the directory that begins on page 26. Good hunting!

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ONE- TO THREE-WEEK CONFERENCES

SOUTHWEST WRITERS' WORKSHOP AND CONFERENCE, under auspices of Arizona State College, will meet June 26-July 7 at Arizona State College, Flagstaff, Ariz. Founded 1951. Co-directors: Weldon F. and Phyllis W. Heald. Visiting lecturers to be announced. All-Indian Pow-Wow; Hopi Arts and Crafts Show at Museum of Northern Arizona. Two semester hours' credit on either undergraduate or graduate level for those authorized in advance. Tuition: $22.50; student service fee, $3. Room rates: $12-$17.50 for session. Board rate to be determined. Last year's enrollment, 20. Address inquiries to Dr. Margaret Carrigan, Division of General Studies, Arizona State College, Flagstaff.

IDYLLWILD PLAYWRIGHTS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Idyllwild Arts Foundation, will meet July 30-Aug. 4, with a week-end workshop Aug. 4-6, at Idyllwild, Calif. Founded 1956. Director: Dr. George Savage. Week-end lecturers: James Allardice, Malvin Wald. One unit of University of Southern California credit. Tuition: $30. Room and board: from $5 per day. Last year's enrollment, 12. Address inquiries to Idyllwild Arts Foundation, Idyllwild, Calif.

PACIFIC COAST WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Los Angeles State College, will meet June 19-July 7 at Los Angeles State College, Los Angeles, Calif. Founded 1953. Director: Norman Fruman. Staff: Henri Coulette, poetry; Leon Surmelian, fiction. Visiting lecturers: Eric Ambler, Ned Brown, William Johnson, Charles Lederer, Ted Loeff, J. P. Miller, Frederick Schroyer, Alvin Sapinsky, John Weaver, Wirt Williams, Bernard Wolfe, and others to be announced. Manuscript evaluation and private interviews. Three units of undergraduate credit. Tuition: $46. Room and board not provided. Last year's enrollment, 50. For brochure, write Norman Fruman, director, Pacific Coast Writers Conference, Los Angeles State College, Los Angeles 32, Calif.

FIRST ANNUAL SANTA CLARA WRITERS' INSTITUTE, under auspices of University of Santa Clara, will meet June 26-July 2 at Santa Clara, Calif. Staff: Robert O. Bowen, the novel; L. W. Michaelson, poetry; Clayton Barbeau, the San Francisco School; Father Joseph Brusher, S.J., historical writing. For information, write Writers' Institute—Summer Session, University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif.

BERKELEY CHRISTIAN WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, will meet July 31-Aug. 5 at Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, Berkeley, Calif. Founded 1960. Director: Dr. Ben Browne. Staff: Georgia Harkness, nonfiction and religious writing; Lloyd Eric Reeve, fiction and creative essay; Peter Gordon White, "As the Editor Sees It"; Benjamin P. Browne, curriculum writing; M. Patricia White, writing for home and parents' magazines; Adela Rogers St.John, inspirational writing, fiction, and articles; Lawrence E. Nelson, poetry; William Rose, mass media. Visiting lecturers: Leonard Gitting, George M. Mardikian, Emory Johnson. Tuition: registration, $7.50 before July 24, $10 thereafter; conference fee, $15. Room and board: rooms, $7-$12; board, $13. Apartments also available. Last year's enrollment, 100. Address inquiries to Dr. Ralph M. Johnson, 2606 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif.

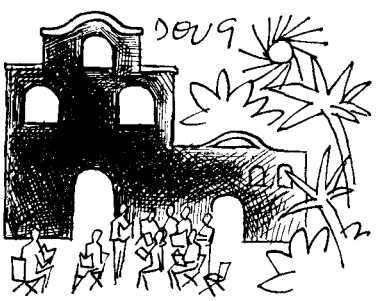
TWENTY-EIGHTH WRITERS' CONFERENCE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, under auspices of University of Colorado, will meet July 24-Aug. 11 at Boulder, Colo. Founded 1930. Director: Margaret Robb. Associate Director: John Wrenn. Staff: Edward Weeks, Robie Macauley, William Peden, Franklin Folsom, Mary Elting, David Lavender, Jean Garrigue, Herbert Blau. Workshops in novel, short story, nonfiction, poetry, juvenile writing, and drama. Tuition: $100 max., $65 min. for four workshops. Room and board: last year's rates were $105 for three weeks, min. for one week, $35. For brochure, write John Wrenn, associate director, Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.

INSTITUTE IN TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COMMUNICATIONS, under auspices of Colorado State University, will meet July 10-14 at Fort Collins, Colo. Founded 1958. Director: Dr. Herman M. Weisman. Staff: H. B. Bachrach, John R. Callahan, David Holzman, Leslie L. Lewis, Israel Light, Henry E. Marschalk, Herbert B. Michaelson, Walter J. Miller, Roy C. Nelson, James W. Perry, Norman R. Reamer, Vernon M. Root, Ross Sackett, Pauline Snure, William C. Tracey. Designed for editors, writers, journalists, scientists, engineers, administrators, and information specialists in government research agencies. Two quarter credits given. Tuition: $50. Room and board: about $50, banquet and mountain outing not included. Golfing, swimming, boating, and fishing near campus. For brochure, write Dr. Herman M. Weisman, director, Institute in Technical and Industrial Communications, Colorado State University, Fort Collins.

SUFFIELD WRITER-READER CONFERENCE, under auspices of Suffield Academy, will meet July 23-30 at Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn. Founded 1956. Director: Paul G. Sanderson. Staff: Louis Untermeyer, adviser; William Jay Smith, poetry; Shirley Jackson, short story; Donald Braider, fiction (novel); Mel Evans, nonfiction; Carl Lindstrom, journalism; Marjorie Freer, writing for young people; Hughes Rudd, radio and TV writing. Visiting lecturer: Padraic Colum. Prizes for best manuscript in each category. Limited number of scholarships available. Conference directed to perceptive reader as well as the writer, published or unpublished. Free exchange of ideas on the creation, understanding, and enjoyment of the written word. Tuition: $42; all-inclusive fee including room and board, $100. Last year's enrollment, 100. For brochure, write Paul G. Sanderson, Jr., director, Suffield Writer-Reader Conference, Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn.

SOUTHERN WRITERS WORKSHOP, under auspices of the University of Georgia, will meet Aug. 6-11 at the Georgia Center for Continuing Education, Athens, Ga. Founded 1957. Director: Eugene Weldon. Staff: John Selby, fiction; Paul R. Reynolds, nonfiction; Marion Montgomery, poetry; Leighton Ballew, playwriting. Guest lecturers: Ivan Obolensky, Craig Wylie, and others. Medora Field Perkerson Award for nonfiction to be presented for most outstanding nonfiction manuscript submitted in advance; Margaret Mitchell Award for fiction to be presented to workshop participant who submits in advance the most outstanding fiction manuscript. Last year's enrollment, 89. For information, write Eugene Weldon, Southern Writers Workshop, Center for Continuing Education, University of Georgia, Athens.

MCKENDREE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of McKendree Writers' Association, will meet June 26-July 1 at McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill. Founded 1955. Director: Mildred Silver. Acting Director: James M. Flanagan. Staff: Harry Edward Neal, articles; Dorothy Brown Thompson, poetry; Ruth Philpott Collins, short story; Shirley Seifert, novel; Rosemary Greene Brinson, TV and radio; Helen Diehl Olds, juveniles. A short course on teaching writing to children. Book reviews. Guest speaker: Dr. Benjamin P. Browne. Five contests on adult level, one contest on high school level. One hour's college credit. All-inclusive fee for tuition, room, and board: $30 for McKendree Writers' Association members. For information, write Dr. Mildred Silver, director, McKendree Writers' Conference, McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.



INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Indiana University, will meet July 6-12 on the campus of Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind. Founded 1940. Director: Robert W. Mitchner. Staff: Elizabeth Janeway, novel; Nathaniel Benchley, short story; Richard Gehman, nonfiction; William Jay Smith, poetry; Howard Rodman, TV writing; Charlotte Zolotow, children's literature; Bernard Sabath, techniques of writing. Guest lecturers: John Berryman, Monroe Stearns, Allan Seager. Weekly Reader Children's Book Club Fellowship, Bobbs-Merrill Fellowship in the Novel. Three $100 grants-in-aid from Weekly Reader Children's Book Club, Bobbs-Merrill, and Indiana University Foundation. Ten tuition scholarships, courtesy of the Indiana University Foundation. Four $25 awards from Indiana University Foundation. Panel discussions, awards dinner, tape of Howard Rodman TV drama, reading performance of prize-winning play. Tuition: $25 for

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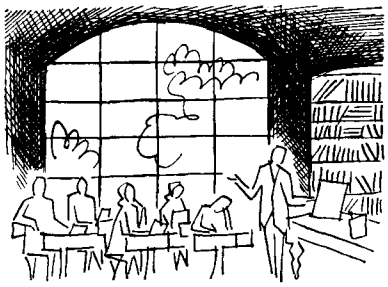
first workshop, MS submission, and consultation; $20 for second workshop. Additional workshops may be audited at rate of $15 for the first, $10 for each succeeding one. Room and board: $1.50-$6 per person per night, from twin-bedded room without bath to single room with bath, air-conditioned. Last year's enrollment, 100 (the limit). For brochure, write Robert W. Mitchner, director, Indiana University Writers' Conference, Ballantine Hall, Box 70, Bloomington, Ind.

MOREHEAD WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Morehead State College, will meet Aug. 7-19 at Morehead, Ky. Founded 1952. Director: Albert Stewart. Staff: James Still, short story; Robert Francis, poetry; Harvey Curtis Webster, novel; Dayton Kohler, essay; David Madden, playwriting. Guest lecturers: Robert Hazel, Paul Engle, John Crowe Ransom. Awards. Limited number of scholarships. Two hours' credit, graduate or undergraduate. Tuition: $15 per week. Room and board: room, $4 per week; board, about $15 per week. All-inclusive fee: about $70 for two weeks. Last year's enrollment, 65. For information, write Albert Stewart, Box 841, Morehead State College, Morehead, Ky.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of the Extension Department, University of New Hampshire, will meet Aug. 21-Sept. 1 at Durham, N.H. Founded 1938. Director: Carroll S. Towle. Staff: Shirley Barker and Curtis Harnack, the novel; Loring Williams, George Abbe, Robert Francis, poetry; Frangcon Jones and Ellington White, short story; Edmund Cortez and Sid Dimon, radio and TV; Marjorie and Lorus Milne, Margaret Coit, Jerry Seibert, nonfiction; Alexandra Sanford, juvenile. Visiting lecturers: Loyd Haberly, Charles Angoff. Durham Chapbook poetry award and other prizes. Tuition: $75. Last year's enrollment, 70. For brochure, write Professor Carroll S. Towle, University of New Hampshire, Durham, N.H.

STAR ISLAND WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet Aug. 5-18 at the Oceanic Hotel, Star Island (Isles of Shoals), ten miles from Portsmouth, N.H. Founded 1957. Director: Mary Chisholm Sweetser. Staff: Edna G. Cornell, in charge of morning workshops. Guest speakers: Lewis Flagg, Willadene Price, Elizabeth Ripley, Louise Dickinson Rich, Dr. Robert Illingworth, Barbee Oliver Carleton, Commander Richard F. Armknecht, Professor Frederick McGill, Jr., Nell Giles Ahern, Florence M. Davis, Shirley Barker, Ella Shannon Bowles, Gladys Hasty Carroll, Anthony Cama. Registration limited to 25. Tuition: $25. Room and board: last year's rates, $43-$47 per week. For information, write Mary Chisholm Sweetser, director, Star Island Writers' Conference, 10 Kneeland St., Malden 48, Mass.

TUFTS POETRY WORKSHOP, under auspices of Tufts University, will meet July 17-28 at Tufts University, Medford, Mass. Founded 1960. Director: John Holmes. Staff: Philip Booth. Academic credit for



completion of satisfactory work. Meeting five days a week, Monday through Friday, they use student manuscripts as the basis for over-the-table discussion. Tuition: $90. Room and board: room $7 weekly, board $15 weekly. Last year's enrollment, 16. For brochure, write John Holmes, director, Tufts Poetry Workshop, Tufts Summer School, Tufts University, Medford 55, Mass.

FLORHAM PARK-MADISON WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of the Center for Creative Projects, Fairleigh Dickinson University, will meet Aug. 7-19 on the Madison, N. J., campus of Fairleigh Dickinson University, one hour from center of publishing world in New York. Founded 1961. Director: Gorham Munson. Staff: Charles Angoff, fiction; H. R. Hays, dramatic arts; Lee Wyndham, juvenile writing; Nishan Najarian, administrator; leaders of nonfiction and poetry workshops to be announced. Weekly Reader Children's Book Club Fellowship and three fellowships for Negro writers. Prize for one-act play. Three hours of academic credit, graduate or undergraduate. Attendance at this conference makes one eligible to enroll in a fall-and-winter correspondence session that will be equivalent to working with an editor in the carrying out of a writing program. Tuition: $105 including registration fee. Room and board: $72. For brochure, write Nishan Najarian, conference administrator, Florham Park-Madison Writers Conference, Fairleigh Dickinson University, 285 Madison Ave., Madison, N.J.

GLORIETA BAPTIST ASSEMBLY WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet Aug. 3-9 at Glorieta, N.M. For information, write Clifton J. Allen, director, 127 Ninth Ave. North, Nashville 3, Tenn.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Chautauqua Institution, will meet July 10-28 at Chautauqua Lake, N.Y. Founded 1947. Director: Walter Spearman. Staff: Margaret Widdemer, poetry; Dorothy McCleary, fiction. Three Rebecca Richmond Scholarships, Sandwich Poet's Prize. Credit students may secure college credit through Syracuse University. Tuition: $30 single course, $75 for three courses; $34 per credit hour. Lower rates for auditors. Room and board: from $23 weekly at hotels and boarding houses. Workshop members have swimming, boating, fishing privileges on Lake Chautauqua. Last year's enrollment, 100. For bulletin, write Registrar, Chautauqua Summer Schools, Chautauqua, N.Y.

SYRACUSE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of School of Journalism of Syracuse University, will meet Aug. 14-26 on the campus of Syracuse University, Syracuse, N.Y. Founded 1956. Director: Roland E. Wolseley. Staff: John E. Jennings, Jr., short story and novel; Robert W. Root, article writing; Lee Wyndham, juvenile writing. Variable college credit available for each workshop. Tuition: $39 for each credit hour; auditors pay $39 minimum fee. Room and board rates: variable depending on whether on or off campus. Last year's enrollment, 29. For brochure, write Dean, School of Journalism, Syracuse University, Syracuse 10, N.Y.

TECHNICAL WRITERS' INSTITUTE, under auspices of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, will meet June 12-16 at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y. Founded 1953. Director: Jay R. Gould. Staff: Sterling P. Olmsted, general communications; Wentworth K. Brown, uses of language; Douglas H. Washburn, technical description; Robert A. Spencer, report writing and editing; Lionel D. Wyld, editing. Guest lecturers: S. J. Goodman, Ralph V. Rice, Ethaline Cortelyou, Stuart P. Hall, J. C. Hoffman, Robert D. Towns, Herbert B. Michaelson, Robert L. Stedfeld, Kenneth E. Trombley, Vernon M. Root. Practical writing laboratory, lectures by leading industrial writers, discussion groups, personal conferences. In past eight years the Institute has instructed 600 practising technical writers and supervisors in 250 firms and government agencies. Tuition: $175 including luncheons and Thursday Institute dinner. Room and board: $6 single per night; $3 double per night. Last year's enrollment, 60. For brochure, write Jay R. Gould, director, Technical Writers' Institute, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

SUMMER SESSION WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Columbia University Summer Session, will meet July 17-Aug. 3 at Harkness Theatre, Columbia University, New York City. Founded 1951. Director: Leonie Adams. Speakers: Leslie Fiedler, Martha Foley, Thomas Gallagher, Robert Stern Greene, Hiram Haydn, Cecil Hemley, Rust Hills, John Hohenberg, John R. Humphreys, Millard Lampell, Mavis McIntosh, Sylvia Shirley, Glenway Wescott. Conference meetings open without fee to all registered students in the summer session. Persons not otherwise enrolled in the Summer Session may register for the Writers Conference for credit. May be taken for one point of credit with opportunity to submit work for criticism. Tuition: $25 for the Conference; if credit is desired, student must apply for admission to Summer Session and pay regular student fees plus $40 per point. Last year's enrollment, 85. For information, write Director of the Summer Session, Columbia University, New York 27, N.Y.

WAGNER COLLEGE WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Wagner College, will meet July 11-21 on the Grymes Hill campus of Wagner College, Staten Island, N.Y. Founded 1956 as the New York City Writers Conference at Staten Island.

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Director: Rust Hills. Staff: Saul Bellow, fiction; Robert Lowell, poetry; Edward Albee, drama. "The conference is designed for the promising young writer interested in serious work. Enrollment will be limited to fifteen carefully screened appointments to study with each instructor. No auditing will be permitted. Instruction will resemble the seminars in creative writing given by universities during the regular academic year but will be more intensive." Stanley Award in drama. Gotham Book Mart Prize for avant-garde poetry. Two Victor Weybright Fellowships. Two points of academic credit, graduate or undergraduate. Tuition: $70. All-inclusive fee (tuition, room, and board): $150. For brochure, write Administrative Secretary, Wagner College Writers Conference, Staten Island 1, N.Y.

SOUTHERN STATES WRITING WORKSHOPS, under the auspices of Camp Cherryfield for Adults, will hold two sessions of two weeks each, July 22-Aug. 5 and Aug. 5-19, at Camp Cherryfield, Brevard, N.C. Founded 1958. Director: Louise Blackwell. Staff: Chalmers S. Murray, novel, short story, nonfiction; Etta Caldwell Harris, poetry; Eunice Bradley, feature articles; Louise Blackwell, stage and TV drama, novel, short story. Guest speakers to be announced. Enrollment limited to 40. Tuition, room, and board: $130 for two weeks. For information, write Miss Louise Blackwell, 1907 Lake Ave., Knoxville 16, Tenn.

FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE CONFERENCE, under auspices of Pennsylvania State University, will meet July 3-21 at University Park, Pa. Founded 1957 under auspices of State College, Millersville, Pa. Director: L. S. Lingenfelter. Associate Director: Stanley Weintraub. Staff: John Barth, John Ciardi, Margaret L. Coit, Malcolm Cowley, Alice C. Cramer, James Dugan, Betty Finnin, Richard Gehman, J. Mitchell Morse, Edward J. Nichols, Henry W. Sams, Mildred Savage, Warren S. Smith, Shirley Watkins, Philip Young. Three credits. Tuition: for credit—Pennsylvania residents, $60; for credit-out-of-state residents, $120; no academic credit—all registrants, $60. Room and board: $78-$82.20. For brochure, write Writers' Conference, 221 Sparks Building, University Park, Pa.

FOURTH ANNUAL ST. DAVIDS CHRISTIAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of St. Davids Christian Writers Association, will meet Aug. 6-11 at Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids (suburban Philadelphia), Pa. Founded 1958. Director: Charles A. Waugaman. Staff: Edward D. Fulweiler, beginning writers; Anna Rose Wright, writing for children; David D. Raycroft, writing for youth; Harry Edward Neal and Charles Angoff, writing for adults; Ralph W. Seager, poetry; Ronald Schlosser and Paul Allen, church publicity; Ardis Kresensky, script writing; Edward Wallowitch, photography. Visiting lecturers: Walter D. Ferguson, William W. Hassler, Judith Unger Scott, Lee Gottlieb, Kenneth L. Wilson. Tuition: registration, $15; $3 per day, $1 per session. Room and board: $30. Last year's enrollment, 100. Address inquiries to Charles Waugaman, director, St. Davids Christian Writers' Conference, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

FINE ARTS COLONY, under auspices of Corpus Christi Branch, National League of American Penwomen. Address inquiries to Mrs. Howell Ward, 801 S. Broadway, Corpus Christi, Tex.

THE WRITER'S CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, under the auspices of Department of English, University of Utah, will meet June 12-23 on the campus of the University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah. Founded 1947. Director: Brewster Ghiselin. Staff: Andrew Lytle, novel; Robie Macauley, short story; Delmore Schwartz, poetry, first week; Reed Whittemore, poetry, second week. About ten tuition scholarships. One to three units of college credit for those qualified. Tuition: $25 for one week or one workshop; $35 for two weeks. Manuscript reading fee, $5-$20. Room and board: room $8-$12 per week. Reasonable prices for cafeteria meals. Last year's enrollment, 64. For brochure, write Brewster Ghiselin, director, The Writers' Conference, University of Utah, Salt Lake City 12, Utah.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Middlebury College, will meet Aug. 16-31 at Bread Loaf, Vt. Founded 1926. Director: John Ciardi. Staff: Robert Frost, Nancy Hale, Allen Drury, Ray Bradbury, Dudley Fitts, Howard Nemerov, Bernard Asball, Eunice Blake, William Sloane, William Raney. Visiting Lecturers: Theodore Morrison, William Hazlett Upson, Charles E. Feinberg. Twenty-one scholarships and fellowships; must be nominated by editor, agent, or publisher, no self-nominations. Tuition, room and board: $155-$225. Last year's enrollment, 197. For brochure, write Professor Paul Cubeta, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Summer School, Georgetown University, will meet Aug. 7-18 at Walsh Building, 36 St. N.W., Washington, D.C. Founded 1960. Director: Dr. Riley Hughes. Staff and speakers: Allen Drury, Margaret Landon, Katherine Anne Porter, Richard Wathen, and others. Workshops in markets and methods, novel, short story, verse writing, religious market, article, magazine make-up, textbook writing, translating, scholarly writing, school and trade publications, junior biography, book reviewing. Six panel sessions and six lecture sessions. Manuscript consultation. Two-credit course in teaching creative writing. Tuition: $50. Rooms: men, $12.50 a week; women, $11 a week. Special room and board rates for nuns and clergy. Last year's enrollment, 74. For information, write Mrs. Cornelia Martinez, Summer School, Georgetown University, Washington 7, D.C.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CHRISTIAN WRITERS' AND EDITORS' CONFERENCE, jointly sponsored by the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of Churches and the American Board of Education and Publication, will meet July 1-8 at the American Baptist Assembly, Green Lake, Wis. Founded 1948. Director: Dr. Ben Browne. Staff: Elizabeth Yates, experiential writing; Thyra Ferré Bjorn, writing books; Marvin E. Smith, curriculum writing; Marion Van Horne, writing for children; Albert and Bertha Johnson, religious drama; Fred Cloud, feature articles; Roland E. Wolseley, article writing; Ethelyn Parkinson, short stories; Edward D. Fulweiler, writing for the family magazine; William Mittelstadt and Stephen Biggs, photography; Bruce E. Mills, devotional writing; Charles Waugaman, poetry; Gilbert L. Brown, editors' workshop; Wilfred E. Borne, church publicity. Visiting Lecturers: Harold Phillips, Charles W. Ferguson, William R. Parker, Roger Burgess, Dennis Clark, Marvin E. Smith. Extension School follows Conference. Up to six academic credits from the University of Redlands for attendance at Conference week and one to five weeks of the Extension School. Tuition: $15 prior to May 1, $20 if registered after May 1; $5 for each additional week after first week. Room and board: rates vary from $6.25 double and $5.75 with 3-4 in room, to $13.50 single, $11 double, and $10.50, 3-4 in room, in Roger Williams Inn. Last year's enrollment, 250. For brochure, write Dr. Ben Browne, Christian Writers' and Editors' Conference, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

ONE- TO FOUR-DAY CONFERENCES

ARKANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, INC., under auspices of Arkansas Pioneer Branch, National League of American Penwomen, and other sponsors, will meet June 10-12 at Harding College, Searcy, Ark. Founded 1945. Director: Anna Nash Yarbrough. Speakers: George S. Benson, president of Harding College; Ruth Arnold Leveck, Kenneth Lawrence Beaudoin, Rosa Marinoni, Ercil Brown, W.J. Lemke, Pierre Long, Margaret Turner, Marie Erwin, Dorris Curtis, Bessie Newsom Allard, W.M. Hackett, Marie McCurdy Welch, Anne Reeves, Clovis Copeland, Marie Morris Rushing, Russell Simmons, Ellis Doyle Herron, and others. Registration fee: $1 per day. Rooms: in dormitory, $1 per day per person. Meals: $2.75 per day. For folder, write Anna Nash Yarbrough, 510 East St., Benton, Ark.

OZARK WRITERS-ARTISTS GUILD CONFERENCE will meet June 2-4 at Inspiration

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Point, Eureka Springs, Ark. Founded 1955. For information, write Lida Wilson Pyles, director, 211 Spring St., Eureka Springs, Ark.

California Writers Conference, sponsored by the California Writers Club in cooperation with the *Oakland Tribune* and Oakland Chamber of Commerce, will meet Apr. 28-29 at Jack London Hall on Jack London Square, Oakland, Calif. Founded 1955. Authors' Night Dinner Apr. 27. Registration $6. Address inquiries to California Writers Conference, 1320 Webster St., Oakland 12, Calif.

Writers' Week in Pasadena will meet May 1-4 at the Pasadena Public Library (mornings) and Pasadena City College (evenings), Pasadena, Calif. Coordinator: Helen Hinckley Jones. Tuition free. For information, write Pasadena City College, Extended Day, 1570 East Colorado Boulevard, Pasadena, Calif.

Fifth Annual Photojournalism Conference, co-sponsored by University of Miami and American Society of Magazine Photographers, will meet Apr. 26-29 at the University of Miami, Coral Gables, Fla. Co-chairmen: Morris Gordon and Wilson Hicks. Speakers: Henry R. Luce, F.G. Vosburgh, Herbert R. Mayes, Otto Storch, John Bryson, Bradley Smith, Julius H. Klyman, Art Kane, Ralph Hattersely, Leonard Paris, Fritz Goro, Major James F. Reid, Reuven Frank, Richard Grossman. Edward Steichen Award Luncheon, Apr. 29. Conference deals with problems confronting photographer, writer, and editor in making use of the photograph. Enrollment limited to 200. Address inquiries to Wilson Hicks, University of Miami, Box 8107, Coral Gables 46, Fla.

University of Kansas Writers' Conference, under auspices of William Allen White School of Journalism and University of Kansas Extension, will meet June 27-30 at Lawrence, Kans. Founded 1948. This is the eleventh session. Director: Frances Grinstead. Staff: Susan Kuehn Boyd, fiction; Edsel Ford, poetry; John Alexander, nonfiction; Mary Francis Shura, juvenile writing; another leader to be announced. Free public literary lecture, June 29, to serve those who lack time or money to attend as full members. Tuition: $30. Room and board: room $3.50 double, $4.50 single; University cafeteria meals at nominal prices. Last year's enrollment, 35. For brochure, write Professor Frances Grinstead, 203 Flint Hall, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kans.

State of Maine Writers' Conference, under auspices of Ocean Park Assembly, will meet Aug. 22-25 at Ocean Park Hotel, Ocean Park, Me. Founded 1941. Chairman: Mrs. Lillian L. Munroe. Advisory Chairman: Adelbert M. Jakeman. Staff: David Woodbury, William M. Clark, Charles Rawlings, Gladys Hasty Carroll, and others to be announced. Workshops in all phases of writing, and lectures. For information, write Miss Mildred Thomas, registrar, State of Maine Writers' Conference, Ocean Park, Me.

Boston College Writers' Conference, under auspices of Boston College Humanities Series, will meet Apr. 29 on the Main Campus, Boston College, Chestnut Hill (Newton), Mass. Founded 1961. Co-chairmen: Dr. Riley Hughes and Rev. Francis Sweeney, S. J. Staff: Ralph Ellison, John Hawkes, Elizabeth Janeway, fiction panel; Samuel Eliot Morison, the writing of history; A. S. Burack, John Cushman, Joseph Dever, Joe McCarthy, "Breaking into Print" panel; Dore Schary, William Alfred, drama panel; John Holmes, Anne Sexton, W. D. Snodgrass, John L. Sweeney, poetry panel. Authors' Reception. Tuition: entire program, $3. Single sessions, $1. Luncheon, $1.50. For conference reservations, write Boston College Humanities Series, Chestnut Hill 67, Mass.

Michigan Writers' Conference, under auspices of English Department, University of Michigan, ordinarily meeting in May, will meet this year on Oct. 27-28 in conjunction with the Esquire Symposium on contemporary writing at Ann Arbor, Mich. Founded 1953. Director: R. F. Haugh. Speakers: nationally known writers to be announced. The Conference will coordinate workshop sessions and manuscript criticism with the Esquire Symposium. Brochures available later. Write R. F. Haugh, Department of English, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

Mid West Silver Lake Writers' Conference, under auspices of the Committee for the Mid West Silver Lake Conference, will meet July 26-28 at Oak Haven, Fairmont, Minn. Founded 1953. Director: P. Evans Coleman. Staff: Alford, Erickson, Miller, Von der Webe. This conference is entering on its tenth year and is offering to its 200 alumni a special reduction in rates to return this year. Topics treated will be juvenile fiction, the novel, short story, nonfiction, and poetry. Last year's attendance, about 25. For information, write P. Evans Coleman, Fairmont, Minn.

Omaha Writers' Conference, under auspices of the Omaha Writers' Club, will hold its sixteenth consecutive annual conference on May 12-14 at the Hotel Paxton, Omaha, Neb. Founded 1946. Director: L. V. Jacks. Staff: Frank Bennett, Mrs. W. K. Bennett, Thomas Gearty, Mrs. Warren Schrempp, Edward Weiler. Tuition: $6; single admission, $1; manuscript criticism, $5. Banquet, $3.50. Last year's enrollment, 67. For information, write L. V. Jacks, director, Omaha Writers' Conference, c/o Creighton University, Omaha.

Eastern New Mexico Writers' Workshop, under auspices of Eastern New Mexico University, will meet June 28-July 1 at Portales, N.M. Founded 1952. Director: Dr. E. Debs Smith. Staff: Dr. H. Grady Moore. Guest lecturers: S. Omar Barker, Elsa Barker, Wilfred McCormick, George Fitzpatrick, Walt Wiggin. $200 in prizes. One hour's academic credit, graduate or undergraduate. Tuition: $12.50. Room and board: $3.50 per day. Last year's enrollment, 100. For information, write Dr. E. Debs Smith, Eastern New Mexico University, Portales, N.M.

New York State Religious Writers' Conference, under auspices of School of Journalism of Syracuse University and the New York State Council of Churches, will meet Oct. 13-14 at Syracuse University, Syracuse, N.Y. Founded 1956. Co-directors: Rev. Robert E. Breth and Dr. Robert W. Root. Staff: to be announced. Registration fee: $6. Conferees live off campus as they wish and eat on campus at own expense. Last year's enrollment, 50. For

information, write Rev. Robert E. Breth, 600 West Genesee St., Syracuse 4, N.Y.

Hudson River Valley Regional Writers' Workshop, under auspices of Colony Arts Center, will hold three sessions in the summer of 1961 as follows: June 27-30; July 25-28; Aug. 22-25. The workshop will meet at the Colony Arts Center, Rock City Road, Woodstock, N.Y. Founded 1958. Director: Bill Newgold. Tuition: $12 for 4-day session. Room and board: $3 a day for room, double occupancy. Meals in moderately priced coffee shop. Last year's enrollment, 83. For information, write Program Director, Colony Arts Center, 22 Rock City Road, Woodstock, N.Y.

Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly Writers' Conference will meet June 8-14 at Ridgecrest, N.C. For information, write Clifton J. Allen, director, 127 Ninth Ave. N., Nashville 3, Tenn.

Short Course in Professional Writing, under auspices of School of Journalism, University of Oklahoma, will meet June 7-9 at the University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla. For brochure, write Professor Foster-Harris, director, Short Courses in Professional Writing, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.

Philadelphia Regional Writers' Conference, under auspices of a number of writers' clubs in Philadelphia area, will meet June 7-9 at the Sheraton Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa. Founded 1949. Staff: Pauline Bloom, Earl T. Crooker, Dr. Austin J. App, Frank Brookhouser, William E. Harris, David Taylor, Cecelia Gray, others to be announced. Twelve workshops. Manuscript contests. Tuition $6 per workshop. For brochure, write Esther L. Lipshutz registrar, Philadelphia Regional Writers' Conference, Box 897, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Registrar, Chautauqua Summer Schools

Chautauqua, N. Y.

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NON-FICTION: Leslie Fiedler, John Hohenberg

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For Bulletin or further information write or visit. Director of the Summer Session, 106 Low Library, Columbia University, New York 27, N.Y.. UNiversity 5-4000 Ext. 2688.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

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WRITE: Albert Stewart, Director, Morehead State College, Morehead, Kentucky.

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SPRING CHILDREN'S BOOK FEATURE

in SR's May 13th issue

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE FOR READERS AND WRITERS, under auspices of English Department, University of Pittsburgh, will meet two days in November (dates to be determined) at University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa. Founded 1947. Director: Edwin L. Peterson. Last year's attendance, 1,500. For information, write Edwin L. Peterson, Dept. of English, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

SOUTHWEST WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of The Byliners, will meet June 3-6 at the Robert Driscoll Hotel, Corpus Christi, Tex. Founded 1944. Director: Dee Woods. Staff: Harrison Smith, John Ciardi, Charles W. Ferguson, William Kelley, Dr. E. Debs Smith, Frank Wardlaw, William McCleery, Robert Hodesh, Jess Gorkin, Dillon Anderson, Donald A. Wollheim, Harnett T. Kane, Harry Golden, Katherine Evans, Ruel McDaniel, Ross Phares, J. Meredith Taton, Lon Tinkle, Diana Poteat Hobby, Fred Gipson, and others to be announced. $1,000 in cash prizes. Last year's enrollment, 300. Write Dee Woods, 406 S. Carancahua St., Corpus Christi, Tex.

PINEYWOODS WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet April 27-29 on the campus of Stephen F. Austin State College, Nacogdoches, Tex. Founded 1960. Director: Elma Heard. Speakers: John Ciardi, Lon Tinkle, Boyce House, Charlotte Baker, Garland Roark, Ross Phares, Eloise Roach, Dee Walker, Dr. Van Chandler, Jewel Gibson, Martha and Gus Ivan, and others. Prizes. For information, write Elma Heard, director, Pineywoods Writers' Conference, Box 457, SFA Station, Nacogdoches, Tex.

ANNUAL LEAGUE OF UTAH WRITERS' ROUNDUP will meet Sept. 8-10 at Salt Lake City, Utah. For information, write Salt Lake Chapter, League of Utah Writers, 124 S. 12th E., Salt Lake City, Utah.

LEAGUE OF VERMONT WRITERS' SUMMER INSTITUTE will meet July 12-13 at the Student Lounge, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt. For information, write John Masterton, RFD 3, Brandon, Vt.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST INTERNATIONAL WRITERS CONFERENCE, INC., under auspices of University of Washington and Seattle Freelance Society, will meet July 27-29 in the Student Union Bldg., University of Washington, Seattle, Wash. Founded 1956. Director: Bonnie LeFever. Staff: Zola Helen Ross, novel; Lucile McDonald, juvenile writing; Dr. Alan E. Nourse, nonfiction; Gladys G. Nelson, articles; Mary Jane Waldo, short story; Robert Schulman, television; Gordon Manenmann, plays; Pauline Starkweather and Nelson Bentley, poetry. Visiting lecturers: Irving Stone, Gladys Workman, Olive Barber. Henry Broderick Award for drama ($400). Tuition: two days, $15; one day, $9.50. Last year's enrollment, 312. For brochure, write Bonnie LeFever, president, Pacific Northwest International Writers Conference, 4705 West Juneau, Seattle 16, Wash.

WRITERS' FLYING WORKSHOP—Director: Fay Oppenheim. Staff: Pauline Bloom. For information, apply to American-Foreign Travel Associates, c/o Trenton Travel Service, 2 N. Willow St., Trenton 8, N.J.

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Book in the News

Continued from page 14

handful of other dailies that pay serious attention to these matters. But in general we are "A Nation of Sheep" nibbling at dry grass, chewing the cud, and circling aimlessly.

Lederer is not only a critic. He is a fighter, a doctor. He prescribes. He tells the citizen, the women's club, the high school student and class how to remedy the nation's ugly ignorance and dangerous myopia. For this section, and despite the unbalanced, unconvincing, unmodulated attack on the U.S. foreign service, I recommend the book highly. It would have been better, however, if the segment on the public's dereliction of its duty to know the world had appeared only as an article in the *Reader's Digest*. Or W. W. Norton & Co. might still issue this part of the volume as a thin paperback. It could do a lot of good.

But Mr. Lederer will realize that information is not everything in the formulation of foreign policy. Even after all facts have been assembled and wisely assessed there are still uncertainties, risks, and frustrations. There are clashing material interests, divergent opinions, and conflicting emotions within America and in the coalition of which America is a member. Diplomacy is played partly from notes and partly by ear. It is a science and an art, an art that requires a steady hand, a clear eye, and a warm heart. The news alone is not enough.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 927

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 927 will be found in the next issue.

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GFBPHMDP FNNQXSXMC.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 926

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—HENRY FORD.

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Journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences

SPRING 1961 ISSUE

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and other articles by: RAYMOND ARON, EDMUND R. LEACH and HERBERT WEISINGER

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Literary Horizons

Continued from page 12

and if the instructors were both able and conscientious.

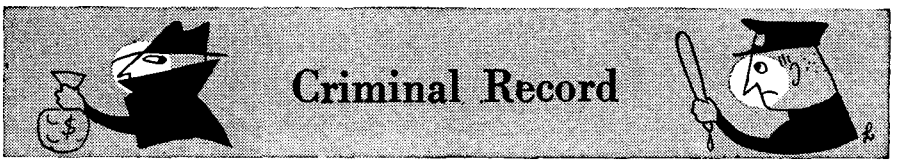
What, then, about the Famous Writers School? I have seen a copy of the Talent Test. It would, I suppose, enable the staff to weed out absolute illiterates, but the conception of talent on which it is based is pretty low. A large proportion of those who take the test are, I suspect, encouraged to enroll. (After all, the school's brochure does say, "Any normal person who is really determined to write can learn.")

As for the quality of the instruction, I can judge about that only from the two textbooks (those devoted to fiction) and the study guide I have seen. These make many sensible suggestions about learning to write. The great difficulty, it seems to me, is that they spread themselves, covering all kinds of fiction and trying to help all kinds of writers, from the frankly commercial to the ambitiously highbrow.

"You are a class of one," says the advertisement. "The completed assignments you mail to the school are carefully read by your instructor who is, himself, a professional writer supervised by the School's distinguished faculty." Most of the projects outlined in the study guide are, I note, to be placed in the student's file, but provision is made for a dozen or so assignments to be sent to the school. What even the most conscientious instructor could do for a student on the strength of a dozen assignments would necessarily be extremely limited.

In short, I think the chances are the student who enrolls in the Famous Writers School may not get his money's worth—and the money involved isn't peanuts. Even if he is helped to acquire a certain competence, that isn't enough. Every publishing house and magazine office is flooded with competent manuscripts that just don't make the grade.

Perhaps you can see why I found the advertisement dismaying. In my experience most would-be writers are eternally optimistic, and many, as I have said, believe in the existence of a magic formula for success. And here are these twelve authors, all of them doing well, one or two of them eminent. Says the advertisement: "If you can show that you have writing talent worth developing, they are interested in helping you achieve professional success . . . right in your own home, and in your spare time." How tempting this sounds! Because I have great sympathy for would-be writers, I wish the twelve famous authors weren't involved in tempting them in just this way.



—**WITH ONE STONE.** *By Richard and Frances Lockridge. Lippincott.* $2.95. The honeymooning Heimrichs (groom is New York State Police captain) motor from Florida and en route pick up trail of home-town murder; one character in tale sells poem to *SR*. Usual sound couple-job, with photo finish.

TIME RIGHT DEADLY. *By Sarah Gainham. Walker.* $2.95. When British newshawk is slain in Vienna (time is 1955, with four-power occupation still in effect), diplomatic crisis erupts. Too much architecture, furniture; amorous indiscretions prevalent.

BISHOP IN CHECK. *By Simon Rattray. Mill-Morrow.* $2.95. Man-about-London, name of Bishop, witness to motor death, wonders if accident was bona fide, looks into same. Conversation piece following primary violence.

HUNTER AT LARGE. *By Thomas B. Dewey. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Midwest policeman quits job to track down slayers of his spouse; safari extends from Chicago to Los Angeles, with stopovers. Lethal, fast, and laughless.

THE XYZ MURDERS. *By Ellery Queen. Lippincott.* $3.95. Remember Drury Lane, retired actor who took up sleuthing as hobby thirty years ago? He lives again in this 575-page restoration, and age has not withered him.

THE CHINESE HAMMER. *By Simon Harvester. Walker.* $3.50. When manned rocket comes down in Himalayas, British Agent Heron Murmur heads team seeking answer. Intelligent espionage job, with fine Nepalese-Tibetan backdrop.

THE HUNDRED-DOLLAR GIRL. *By William Campbell Gault. Dutton.* $2.95. Joe Puma, Los Angeles peeper, looks into fixed-fight rumor, but murder puts his mind on higher things. Chatty.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE NIGHT. *By Dolores Hitchens. Crime Club.* $2.95. Teen-age girl's death doesn't boost real-estate values in L.A.-area subdivision; new and old tenants are concerned for different reasons; cops are capable. High-class performance, as expected.

THE KILLING STRIKE. *By John Creasey. Scribners.* $2.95. Murder breaks out in labor-troubled English motor plant; Chief Inspector Roger West calls the shots. Still in the groove.

NIGHT OF WENCESLAS. *By Lionel Davidson. Harper.* $3.50. English youth with yen for fast cars tangles self in debt; mission to Prague seems to offer way out of troubles. Tremendously funny at times, but spread rather thin.

KILLING TIME. *By Donald E. Westlake. Random House.* $2.95. Tim Smith, well-heeled upstate New York investigator, goes into action when killings and political shenanigans coincide. Noisy, fast-paced.

BEGIN WITH A GUN. *By Michael Cronin. Walker.* $2.95. London do-gooder with private-eye penchant aids gals harassed by big bad wolf; thereby he exposes crime ring, and Superintendent Thomas Blenkiron of Scotland Yard is grateful. So-so.

I WAS GOING ANYWAY. *By Robert Switzer. Macmillan.* $2.95. Toronto sports-writer tizzied when jaded stripper does fade-out; Canadian and U.S. cops interested, active. Fine blend of the comic and the sensitive.

THE PACKARD CASE. *By William Merrick. Random House.* $2.95. U.S. counter-intelligence ace pursues defecting pal in Paris and elsewhere; corpse in dentist's chair among attractions; rowdy French spoken here. Nicely written, but slightly voluble.

THE EMPTY ROBE. *By Stella Crater with Oscar Fraley. Doubleday.* $4.50. Wife's account (she is now 73) of 1930 disappearance of New York State jurist and of subsequent developments in most famous and baffling missing-person case of century. Absorbing recital; good pix.

THE DOUBLE FRAME. *By Anthony Morton. Crime Club.* $2.95. John Mannering, London gem expert and pal of Yard aces, goes to aid of jane in jam whose brother is sought by tough parties; there are dead. Blood and thunder.

MRS. MEEKER'S MONEY. *By Doris Miles Disney. Crime Club.* $2.95. Wealthy Connecticut widow's demise spurs nice Postal Inspector David Maden's efforts to link mail fraud with murder. Author's usual sound job, with stress on detection. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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Plight of the Play

Continued from page 11

legally organizing a tight, cooperative entity with power to discipline its members and thus present a united front in working for what the producers need; or develop organizations with long-term capital comparable to the capital of Klaw & Erlanger or the Shuberts early in this century.

THERE is not today any individual or organization that is 1) adequately financed, 2) owns as many as four or five theatres, 3) produces regularly, and 4) is run by men whose main business is the theatre. If such an organization were to come into being, many things could be done to improve the lot of the theatre in general and the promising playwright in particular. Such an organization could deal with the unions and the Dramatists' Guild on an equal basis. It could certainly do away with the worst union featherbedding. (I remember a case where a stage hand was paid for eight hours of work when the only thing he did was to press a button that raised a curtain by electric power). It could also attack the ridiculous apprentice rules now in force in some unions.

Such an organization could also deal with the aforementioned complex problem of ice. The first need is to repeal the silly laws that put the whole matter in the hands of black marketeers who are willing to break the law. Once the laws were repealed there would be a battle to the death with the entrenched elements that profit from the situation. Lastly, a system insuring the payment of the legalized ice to those responsible for its existence must be set up.

Lastly, long-term capital in all progressive businesses today carries on research and experiment. Various untried experiments are open to the theatre, and one of these is the production of the promising play. For long-term money can afford to invest in and experiment with promising talent where the hit-and-run method of production cannot. What is required is the capital and a creative mind.

The quickest and easiest objection to such an entity that comes to mind is the contention that it would quickly succumb to the lure of mass-market plays. Did the Grand Moguls of the great Hollywood era ever encourage serious art? Would TV do it today except from fear of the FCC?

It is my belief that the theatre now attracts enough men of high caliber to prevent this disaster. Book companies thrive on proven reprints, children's encyclopedias, textbooks, and once-read gift books; these are the mass-market money makers—very good in their way, just as "Life With Father" and "The Voice of the Turtle" were tops in their way. But the book publishers of any stature are constantly seeking and praying for a new Thomas Wolfe or Ernest Hemingway, and they risk money year after year in trying to develop them.

WEST END London is different in many respects from Broadway, but both are primarily free-enterprise systems. England did have the Arts Council for some time, which gave the producers an admissions tax remission on nonprofit productions. London, engulfed by war, did not for many years, have a succession of rising young playwrights with something to say. Yet, during those years, it developed a vital theatre —young actors and actresses developing technique and personality, young directors testing themselves, spirited revivals when no new plays were available, plays by the few new, thoughtful playwrights, such as Graham Greene and N. C. Hunter, who did appear. Now, with all due regard to men like Henry Sherek and other free-lance producers, it was primarily one man who stirred the flames year after year. If a play needed three stars, he used the Arts Council remission to pay them; he imported American and French plays if there was nothing exciting at the moment in London; he contrived to defeat the British censorship of homosexuality; he kept directors, actors, actresses, and playwrights steadily at work. He developed the performing talent that the new playwrights needed when they did appear. He could be as commercial as the Prentice-Hall Tax Guide or as esoteric as Pantheon Press; the one test was whether a production was top-drawer of its kind. The gentleman in question was Mr. Hugh Beaumont, who, as managing head of H. M. Tennent, Ltd., had adequate capital, theatres, and an overpowering desire to work in and for the theatre. As he expressed it to me, "The presentation of top-drawer entertainment is my life."

The combination of capital, power, and brains need not lead, in the theatre, to the mass market and the elimination of the promising playwright. It probably is the only thing that will save us from that fate.

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 10, 9, 8, 4, 6, 5, 7, 3, 2 1. The authors (based on Column Two) are Charles Dickens, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, George Santayana, John P. Marquand, J. D. Salinger, Mary McCarthy, Evan Hunter, Frances Patton, John Hersey.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Concertgebouw with Haitink—Ozawa, Cvejic

IN HOLLAND (or the Netherlands) they build dikes to keep out the sea, but no artificial obstructions are required to protect the flattest, lowest of lands from the incursions of rampant musical tides. For this the reason is simple: There is, in such an organization as the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, a natural wall of resistance to the willy-nilly and the insubstantial, built up by generations of devotion to the solid and the immutable. That it played superbly in its return to Carnegie Hall, though the conductor was the thirty-one-year-old Bernard Haitink, has the most logical of explanations: his tradition is its tradition, and vice versa.

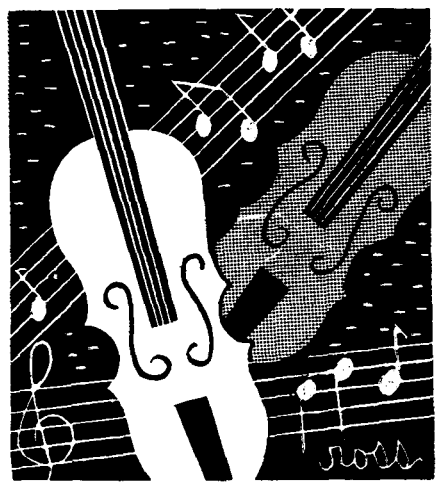
That this "chord of nature" was also deeply responsive to the innermost vibrations of such works as Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture, the Beethoven Eighth Symphony, and the "Prelude" and "Liebestod" from "Tristan" goes back to the self-perpetuating impulse of the orchestra itself. Having decided that Haitink was qualified to bear the responsibilities left by the death of Eduard van Beinum in 1959, the players are partners to the common task. And lest the burden rest too heavily on the young man, they have arranged for him to share the work with the older, more experienced Eugen Jochum, who will also have his turn in Carnegie Hall.

So far as fallible memory is a guide, the ensemble produces, these days, a richer, more homogeneous sound, a brighter, more varied range of colors than in the first decade of its postwar reorganization. Part of this is, no doubt, a consequence of personnel replenishment (in the first postwar years, it was happy to welcome young Americans to its woodwinds and brass). Something more, unquestionably, is due to the patient work of van Beinum before his untimely death; but a share of credit should be allotted to the greatly talented young Haitink, who brings a stimulating infusion of "nerve" to the well-seasoned body at his command. What one heard was more than splendidly styled Mendelssohn, meticulous Beethoven, warmly compulsive Wagner. It was orchestral playing from the heart, not just the fingers or the lips.

Despite an absence of overt "personality," in the traditional works, there was always flexibility and pulse in Haitink's shaping of the results. Also, within the possibilities of a rather staid, post-Straussian idiom, he infused vitality into the "Piccola Sinfonia" of Léon Orthel, which was awarded the honor of representing native creation in association with Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Wagner, and the evening-ending Ravel ("Daphnis" Suite No. 2). It showed the flag bravely, but the patriotic purpose surpassed the musical.

Another order of orchestral precept was evident in a brief appearance during the final week of the New York Philharmonic's season of Seiji Ozawa, a twenty-five-year-old native of Tokyo who will be one of Leonard Bernstein's "assistants" next fall. Small, wiry, muscular, Ozawa in his direction of Toshiro Mayuzumi's "Bacchanale" suggested some such composite as Herbert von Bernstein (he has worked with Karajan in Berlin). Each turn and trend of the score was matched by a flamboyant pattern of action, suggesting that what Mayuzumi had in mind was a new kind of danced poem, for Conductor and Orchestra. He also had, in his subconscious if not his conscious mind, echoes of such molders of dance rhythms as Stravinsky, Gershwin, Ravel, and Bartók. The touches of jazz flavor, a now-and-then whisper of an authentic Mayuzumi personality, in harp and woodwinds, suggest that his real flair for manipulating orchestral elements may take a more personal trend in the future (he was born in Yokahama in 1929). Zino Francescatti was soloist in the Brahms Violin Concerto, and Bernstein was both accompanist and soloist in Stravinsky's "Le Sacre."

Amid a succession of minor happenings in the Metropolitan's final week, two or three major impressions emerged; Risë Stevens is still by much the best Carmen the theatre commands, not only in action (which could be anticipated) but also in voice (which couldn't). Perhaps because of a rest from the rigors of opera (this was her only Metropolitan appearance in a winter devoted mostly to concertizing), this performance looked as much to the future as to the past—which is to say that her sound had warmth, nuance, and color, all under vocal discipline.



There were some suggestions that Miss Stevens has been thinking about the role even though she hasn't been performing it, for it was played less for the easy, superficial sexy "glamour" of her past Carmen, more for a hardened, calculating kind of amorality. Such certainly can be found in the role, and it is worth noting that Miss Stevens's instinct for change and development is still with her.William Olvis sang one of his best performances to date as Don José, and Lucine Amara's Micaela was a strong effort. Also, when Jean Morel puts forward the kind of effort he applied this time, the results are clearly evident.

If Birgit Nilsson's career depended on her ability to sing Aïda or Verdi there is little reason to doubt that she could do both very well. As it doesn't, the erratic qualities of her first venture here with Aïda were readily understandable: overpowering in the ensembles, it lacked control in solo passages that were not full voice, and there was more thrust than resonance in her sound. The artistry that has distinguished her Isolde and Turandot was reflected in a wealth of sympathetic detail in the treatment of words and action, always in proper relation to the others in the ensemble. Competition with the Nilsson sound was something of a strain for Biserka Cvejic, a Slavic mezzo familiar to the Viennese, who had a debut opportunity as Amneris. She looked well and performed with sound knowledge of the role: her limiting factor is a voice of rather ordinary quality, lacking richness at the top and bottom, or breadth in the middle.

Dorothy Coulter, a native of Baltimore who earned a Metropolitan debut from her work with its "Studio" production of "Così" (which has been touring high schools hereabouts), showed a traditional range of aptitudes for her introductory Musetta. She is pretty, she is blonde both of hair and voice, she knows the difference between a frown and a pout. Dino Formichini sang Rodolfo in a manner carefully calculated to compensate for his limited power. He showed bravery if neither taste nor good manners in singing a C for the final (unwritten) tone of Act I and dragging it out longer than his partner's (Victoria de los Angeles).

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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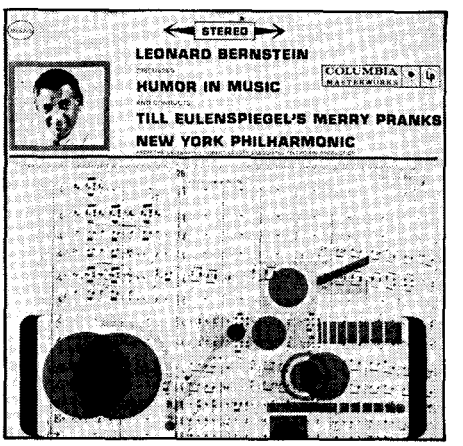

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APRIL 29, 1961

BING'S ELEVENTH AT THE METROPOLITAN
By Irving Kolodin 39

SING A SONG OF SEGREGATION
By Peter J. Welding 42

COHN ON RIEGGER, AND OTHERS
By Oliver Daniel 44

REINER VS. SERAFIN IN VERDI
By Robert Lawrence 45

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Editor 46

NEW VOICES FOR OLD MUSIC
By Jean Bowen 49

—*Eugene Cook.*

Rudolf Bing (right) with Richard Tucker during a rehearsal for "Simon Boccanegra."

BING'S ELEVENTH AT THE METROPOLITAN

By IRVING KOLODIN

IN WRITING several years ago of the status then achieved by the present director of the Metropolitan Opera, it seemed appropriate to describe the moment—1957—as representing "Rudolf Bing's Seventh-Inning Stretch" in the framework of a contract then covering nine years. But times have moved on, and we are now confronted with, in effect, extra innings—the end of the eleventh, with the outcome still in doubt.

To liken the task of putting on opera at the Metropolitan to a contest would doubtless win unqualified consent from Bing, from such a survivor of the Johnson directorate as Frank St. Leger, and from any remaining veterans of Gatti-Casazza's campaigns. Conditions, of course, change—Bing, for example, has a good deal more money to work with than Johnson, though far less favorable financial conditions than Gatti enjoyed in most of his tenure—but a certain number of "opponents" are unvarying.

Outstanding among them is the theatre itself, which, for all the sentiment attached to it, takes an inordinate toll of human effort, whether backstage, onstage, or front of stage, while penalizing all but the extraordinary voices (which is to say, all but a fraction of those available at any time). Next is geography, which separates the Metropolitan by the width of an ocean from ready replacements, meaning that "cover" personnel must be maintained on its own roster at all times. Third, and by no means inconsequential, is climate, especially in a winter that has been as severe as the one just passed. And ready to come to bat when any of the foregoing problems are temporarily retired are the conditions imposed by no less than a dozen craft unions.

Nevertheless, there are certain principles by which a repertory theatre should be run, guidelines of conduct toward quality results. Among them one may cite the following:

- Leading artists should be engaged for more weeks and many more performances than they have recently been giving.
- Continuous changes of cast must be avoided.
- Artists must put the Met's interests first.
- The company should be an ensemble of stars, not of comets.
- The house should be run—unmoved by promises or threats—on the principle of quality alone.
- There can be no apologies once the curtain is up.

It is a foregone conclusion that Rudolf Bing agrees with these principles, for they are all reproduced from his own remarks to the press during the period of observation (1949-50) that preceded his accession to responsibility. Whether he should have spoken them publicly, for the record, and thus be held to account for deviating from them, is his to mull. But there can be no doubt that these *are* good principles, that they are *his* good principles, and if the results are in conflict with them, we are not wrong in expecting better.

To a degree, Bing has been victimized by his own success. In a recent conversation with a representative of the theatre, the contention was advanced that, week in and week out, the Met does better, more varied work than Vienna or La Scala, not to mention the less ambitious enterprises of the Paris Opera and Covent Garden. (Metropolitan managers have been saying the same thing for thirty-five years at least.) To this the only possible answer is: "Whether that's true or not, it really doesn't matter. Most of us would be happy with the Bing standard, maintained and in effect at all times."

What I had in mind is the high level

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of planning, production, and execution achieved in the first season's first production of "Don Carlo" (designed by Rolf Gérard, with Margaret Webster directing and Fritz Stiedry conducting) and the last season's last production of "Turandot" (with Cecil Beaton, Nathaniell Merrill carrying out the staging of Yoshio Aoyama, who became ill, and Leopold Stokowski conducting). Or in the realm of lighter fare, "Fledermaus" of the first season (Gérard, Garson Kanin, and Eugene Ormandy), or the more recent "Périchole" (once more Gérard, with Cyril Ritchard directing and Jean Morel conducting).

Even these did not please every taste —practically nothing ever does—but the order of response proved that word of their quality had circulated beyond the Met's basic public. Everybody may elect from the adjoining *Index Unexpurgatorius* those that sustained this standard, those that were near misses, and those that failed it by a wide margin. If there can be agreement that Berman's "Don Giovanni" was, perhaps, the most distinguished of all Bing's productions to date, with "Madama Butterfly," "Così fan tutte," "Arabella," "Vanessa," "Barber of Seville," and much of Messel's "Nozze di Figaro" close in quality to "Don Carlo," "Fledermaus," "Périchole," and "Turandot," then we are in agreement that a standard of taste and judgment has prevailed often enough to be recognizable as something more than accidental.

Others might elect half a dozen more as entitled to comparable rank. But even so, and particularly in the last few seasons, the wide misses are disturbingly

BING BALANCE SHEET FOR ELEVEN SEASONS (NEW PRODUCTIONS)

Opera	Composer	Designer	1950	'51	'52	'53	'54	'55	'56	'57	'58	'59	'60	Total
"Don Carlo"	Verdi	Gerard	15	4	4		5		5		5		5	43
"Dutchman"	Wagner	Elson (R. E. Jones)	8									8		16
"Fledermaus"	J. Strauss	Gerard	31	9	4	5	3	6			16			74
"Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci"	Mascagni, Leoncavallo	Armistead	13	11	8	4	11		5					52
"Aida"	Verdi	Gerard		27	13	9	8	13	7	14	7	11	15	124
"Cosi fan tutte"	Mozart	Gerard		9	9	5		6						29
"Gianni Schicchi"	Puccini	Armistead		8						6				14
"Rigoletto"	Verdi	Berman		18	20	12		20	9		13		13	105
"Carmen"	Bizet	Gerard		23	18	11	12	11	14	14	16	10	8	137
"Forza del Destino"	Verdi	Berman			13	10		7		6		7		43
"La Boheme"	Puccini	Gerard			14	19	10	9	20	9	22		21	124
"Rake's Progress"	Stravinsky	Armistead			6	2								8
"Faust"	Gounod	Gerard				20	17	8		16		11		72
"Il Barbiere di Siviglia"	Rossini	Berman				14	14			15				43
"Tannhauser"	Wagner	Gerard				9	4						7	20
"Andrea Chenier"	Giordano	Fox					18	6		6		14		44
"Vittorio" (b)	Verdi	Frances					6							6
"Arabella"	R. Strauss	Gerard					7		4				5	16
"Contes de Hoffmann"	Offenbach	Gerard						16	6		6			28
"Soiree" (b)	Rossini	Beaton						9						9
"Don Pasquale"	Donizetti	Roth						11	6					17
"Zauberflote"	Mozart	Horner						8	5		5			18
"Ernani"	Verdi	E. Frances							8					8
"La Perichole"	Offenbach	Gerard							21	8				29
"La Traviata"	Verdi	Smith							21	10	7	15	8*	61
"Eugene Onegin"	Tchaikovsky	Gerard								16	5			21
"Don Giovanni"	Mozart	Berman								10	12	14	5	41
"Madama Butterfly"	Puccini	Nagasaka								18	15	16	11	60
"Vanessa"	Barber	Beaton								6	6			12
"Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci"	Mascagni, Leoncavallo	Gerard									17	10		27
"Macbeth"	Verdi	Neher									7	5		12
"Wozzeck"	Berg	Neher									5		5	10
"Il Trovatore"	Verdi	Motley										17	14	31
"Le Nozze di Figaro"	Mozart	Messel										17	8	25
"Gypsy Baron"	J. Strauss	Gerard										16		16
"Tristan"	Wagner	Otto										8	5	13
"Fidelio"	Beethoven	Armistead										6		6
"Simon Boccanegra"	Verdi	Fox										13	6	19
"Nabucco"	Verdi	Otto-Roth											13	13
"L'Elisir d'Amore"	Donizetti	O'Hearn											12	12
"Alcestis"	Gluck	Manuel											7	7
"Martha"	Flotow	Smith-Motley											16	16
"Turandot"	Puccini	Beaton											15	15
TOTAL PERFORMANCES NEW YORK AND TOUR		* only on tour	67	109	109	120	115	130	131	154	164	198	199	

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disproportionate to the successes or near misses. The productions of "Macbeth," "Gypsy Baron," the current "Tristan," "Alcestis," "Martha," and "Elisir" gained very little from their visualization on stage, and in some instances were distractingly detrimental to what went on within them. Short of knowing the budgetary allotments for them, one could only guess what went wrong. But eighteen new productions in these four seasons—close on an average of five per year—suggest that perhaps quantity (representing the things that interest the director most) is taking precedence over quality.

For, as the inexorable figures also show, the situation of old has now been turned around: the "new productions" (giving courtesy rank to those such as "Carmen" and "Aïda" which have seen service over 100 times each) are now the rule, old productions the exception. In the season past, twenty of the twenty-five works in the repertory were Bing productions ("Boris," "Parsifal," "Gioconda," "Manon Lescaut," and "Elektra" were the exceptions). Thus, for the first time in several decades, both the new productions and the day-to-day are products of the same impulse.

When Bing launched his effort with a fraction of the repertory in 1950, such an outcome would have seemed to require a millennium rather than merely a decade. In this respect it is no less than a major achievement. And now that it has come about, where does the theatre stand, in a candid statement of its performance standard? Not so high, unfortunately, as one would have hoped, or as sometimes seemed in prospect at various points along the line. It can be, in such productions of the last season as "Arabella," "Tannhäuser," "Wozzeck," "Elektra," "Figaro," "Butterfly," "Don Giovanni," and "Boris" in addition to "Turandot," very good, or even better. Allowing for a few borderline instances (specific "Trovatores," or "Bohèmes" or "Chéniers"), the nine might be swelled to twelve. But this leaves at least half of the repertory in various degrees inferior to the going standard, and half of that half (including some of the works that are most often performed) in a condition close to mediocre.

In his earlier years there was a proposition, often restated, that if certain works could be performed often enough, this would "buy time" for the upgrading of others. Not only has this not worked out in the season just passed, but some that have seen heaviest service ("Aïda" and "Carmen" among them) are, to borrow a current political term, "distressed areas" for which some grants-in-aid (to the audience, at least) might be in order.

There are, of course, problems of supply and demand with which to contend. Everybody is familiar with the worldwide shortage of established conductors, and the competition for those with an operatic specialty is keen. Carlo Maria Giulini and Georg Solti, to mention two who might give the Metropolitan better service than it is now enjoying in Italian or German opera, are both booked for months to come. What the Metropolitan has lost in Mitropoulos (he did three of the four new productions in 1957-58) cannot easily be replaced, either. But there must be among the younger Italian and German conductors (such as Carlo Cilario and Heinz Wallberg) talents worth investigating.

The situation with tenors is perhaps even worse, the worldwide demand far greater than the present meager supply. I sometimes wonder what has happened to Daniele Barioni (the Fernandi of yesteryear), who was introduced with éclat and has since disappeared, to Mario Ortica (deemed good enough for a debut as Radames a few seasons ago), and to Gino Penno. And certainly when Bing was speaking of "comets rather than stars" he was accurately describing the now-and-then presence, this season, of Carlo Bergonzi and Richard Tucker (whose recent "impulse" to sing his "Martha" aria in Italian rather than in the production's English makes von Bülow's aphorism—"a tenor is not a man, it is a disease"—appallingly apt). As for the lengthy "indisposition" of Cesare Valletti, the public may be better informed now that the season is over. Then, too, there are a couple of tenors named di Stefano and Labò who seem welcome most places but not at the Metropolitan.

IN OTHER areas, the death of Leonard Warren has deprived the management (and us) of a thirty-times-a-year performer of a very high quality, and debited at least half that number of performances (for which neither Cornell MacNeil nor Robert Merrill could be utilized) with a minus rather than a plus factor. Is it not time to reconsider the qualities of Boris Christoff, whether or not he is "difficult?" On the female side, only a dozen of the fifty-three singers listed this season pre-date 1950 (and several of those, such as Lily Pons, Blanche Thebom, Risë Stevens were heard very little this season). Thus, this branch of the company has been reconstituted lately, most recently to the best advantage with Leontyne Price and Eileen Farrell. But what was it that Bing was saying, years and paragraphs ago: "Leading artists should be engaged for more weeks and many more performances than they have recently been giving?"

Insofar as the unions directly influence musical results, no listening complaint could be found with the chorus, whose demanding year, in such operas as "Nabucco," "Boris," "Alcestis," "Turandot" and "Boccanegra," has been successfully fulfilled. When it had a conductor with the impetus of Solti in "Tannhäuser," it made the Hall of Song ring with full-throated sound.

Oddly enough, it was the same Solti and his "impetus" which roused some resistance in the orchestra. It has rarely sounded better in recent years, but one heard talk that he worked them too hard, or stepped on some toes (verbally) or similarly breached the code. The horn player who misbehaved during last year's "Fidelio" performances was still present, if not so conspicuous. (Böhm conducted less this season, and possibly didn't "annoy" him.)

WHETHER this or other changes were desirable, they are hardly accomplished without difficulty. Changes of personnel are subject to review by an Orchestra Committee (in which representatives of the players participate) and may be referred back to management for "reconsideration." Management may persist, even insist, but then questions of "morale" intrude. As for the conductors, they must be union members in order to function, subject to being "brought up on charges" if their methods irk the players sufficiently.

It is a consequence of such union jurisdiction that Erich Leinsdorf and Fritz Reiner were forbidden to participate in European opera recordings last (1960) summer. Reason: the union has been unable to agree with American record makers (primarily RCA Victor) on a suitable wage scale for employment of the Metropolitan Opera orchestra in domestic recordings. In consequence the Metropolitan has not been recorded, and Local 802 has forbidden its affiliated conductors from doing such work in Europe. It has all been a triumph of negativism, for the European plans have been fulfilled by other, non-affiliated conductors

"In . . . individual new productions I could manage to keep approximately balanced the trembling scales of the manifold problems of opera. In the programme of everyday, this was impossible." This is not a privileged excerpt from the unpublished memoirs of Rudolf Bing, but a readily available quote from the published recollections ("Pages from a Musician's Life") of the late Fritz Busch. The situation he

(*Continued on page 55*)

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Sing a Song of Segregation

By PETER J. WELDING

ALTHOUGH it is patently true that Afro-American folksong has tended to reflect the social conditions that prompted its creation, it is significant to note that the number of individual compositions within this vigorous tradition making specific comment on the injustices of the social system (call them "songs of protest") has not been proportionately very great. One can enumerate a few. Leadbelly's "Jim Crow" and "Bourgeois Blues," Big Bill Broonzy's "Black, Brown and White," and Lightnin' Hopkins's "Tim Moore's Farm" are recent examples that spring readily to mind—but generally speaking the songs of the American Negro have made only *indirect* commentary on the myriad oppressive factors that have shaped his collective experience over the past 300 years.

Events of the past several years, however, have led to radical and rapid changes in conditions and attitudes. Such ground-breaking manifestations of the principle of nonviolent opposition as the Montgomery bus boycotts and the Nashville sit-in demonstrations have had profound and far-reaching effects. They have not only achieved their immediate ends, they have also served the wider goal of re-emphasizing democratic principles by throwing into sharp focus the hypocrisy of practice *vs.* theory.

The songs of Bill McAdoo reflect the growing determination of the younger Negro to stand up to the problem of segregation and, in facing it foursquare, to best it. McAdoo has stated the situation thus: "It is a sad fact that in America today, notwithstanding the liberating character of the Civil War, 'Let my people go' is still the rallying call of the Negro people who have known nothing but second-class citizenship during the past 100 years. This call rings through the inspired words of Martin Luther King and other present-day leaders of the Negro people's freedom struggle and represents the uncompromised will of my people to make democracy a living deed and not just a bunch of sweet words falling from the lips of dishonest statesmen."

Bill McAdoo was born on July 23, 1936, in Detroit, where his father, a construction worker, had migrated from Tennessee some years before. "Many

—*David Gahr.*

Bill McAdoo—"filled with righteous anger."

of my childhood memories are bitter," he recalls now. "I can remember being cold and hungry. My father worked hard when there was work, but since work was often scarce and he had four mouths to feed, the going was rough. My mother, whom I have never seen walk, was paralyzed as the result of a spinal tumor. She has never received adequate medical attention, because we could not afford it. We have always been in debt. Mother bears her burden with great strength and understanding, and it is this, infused into my brothers and sister and myself, which has helped us through the most difficult times."

A succession of jobs (butcher's helper, dishwasher, porter, candy maker, mechanic, construction worker, and school teacher, among others) was necessary to pay his way through high school and three years at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, where he majored in history and English before the combination of financial pressures and a back injury forced him to withdraw in his senior year. Of this period, Bill says, "I worked as much as thirty-two hours a week while going to the university. The wage range was from 75 cents to $1 an hour. But regardless of the low wage level, the food prices, rent, and general standard of living were set to the tone of the middle class and upper middle-class majority student element, and not the working student. Because there was Jim Crow housing (I'm speaking of private houses, many of which were chartered and inspected by the university), the supply of housing for Negro students was limited. As a consequence, I often had to pay higher rents than most of the students who could afford to pay with ease."

After leaving the university, Bill went to New York, where he lived for two years, working at various jobs. It was there that Pete Seeger, dean of American folk singers, heard Bill sing several of his original compositions. Seeger was so impressed by what he heard that he immediately arranged for an audition at Folkways Records. As a result, Bill recorded two long-play collections for this label, the bulk of the selections in each case being composed of his own material.

The series of songs which Bill has written about the liberating events of the past two years ("Walk On, Alabama," prompted by the Montgomery bus boycott; "I'm Going to Walk and Talk for My Freedom," written for the various sit-in demonstrations across the country, etc.) faithfully mirrors the decisive resolution of the young Negro to put an end to the hollow and enervating Jim Crow institution. These compositions are bold, forceful, and uncompromising statements of an unswerving resolve.

The force and power of Bill's messages are considerably bolstered by the strength and boldness of the melodies he employs. A number of his songs have been set to traditional Afro-American folk tunes—thus, the work song "Jumpin' Judy," for example, has been recast as "I Don't Want to Have a War." Still others are completely original compositions in both words and music, yet they have been written along traditional lines and have derived much of their vigor and validity from being so based. The truly creative folk artist does not break with tradition; he accepts what it has evolved over generations and builds on its accomplishments.

Basing his songs in his own experience (as a child of his age) and grounding them in the fertile and fructifying musical traditions of his forebears, Bill McAdoo has produced a series of intense, assertive, and impassioned protest songs that echo the attitudes and intentions of his coevals in the fight against racial injustice. His songs are filled with a righteous anger, but it is not a bitter, destructive emotion, for it is tempered with love, understanding, and an abiding faith in America's ability to work out the problem. As he says in one song:

I dream of a world where all men
are brothers,
Where labor is free from the
slavery it knows;
Where war is a word that remembers the past,
And peace is the future that never
grows old.

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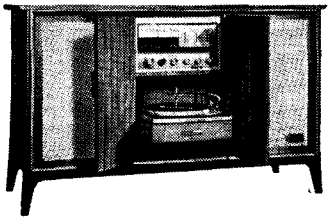

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Cohn on Riegger, and Others

By OLIVER DANIEL

BOOKS have, we know, shaped the course of history, but reviews of them almost never. One book and, more specifically, the preparation of this review have together been catalytic in a sequence of happenings that proved to be momentarily gladdening and ultimately tragic. On Wednesday evening, March 30, I began reading the first book in Arthur Cohn's projected series of collector's guides to twentieth-century music. At about midpoint I received a call from Wallingford Riegger, one of our most distinguished composers, whose music and recordings form a major chapter in the book itself. I mentioned to him that he was included and that Cohn had referred to him as the "Dean" of American composers, a title Riegger found both amusing and pleasant. We discussed the book briefly and the following morning he phoned again to tell me that he would like to read the entire chapter and also read some of the comments about his colleagues. I read to him the first paragraphs dealing with him:

> Riegger is the "grand old man" of American music, its dean, yet in spirit one of its youngest. No composer has been more compellingly clear in his work, nor more modest. His total lack of jealousy and his friendly, unselfish aid to younger composers is a lesson in creative humanitarianism.
>
> After a long career of the most honest attention to his work, without the sham and conventional pose of making a "big noise," or working the social front so as to be in the spotlight, Riegger's achievement was finally recognized. It occurred belatedly, but it was with unanimous approval that he was given the New York Music Critics' Circle Award for the most significant new work in the 1947-48 season (his Third Symphony). He remains a composer who composes first and last; musical politics has never been an attraction. . . .

We then planned to have lunch together. While he was enroute to keep his appointment with me, he became entangled in the leashes of two dogs, was thrown to the sidewalk (on Amsterdam Avenue), and taken to Knickerbocker Hospital, where he was treated for scalp lacerations and then left unattended in a waiting room for the next six or seven hours until his daughter found him incoherent and in a semi-coma. He never regained consciousness. He was rushed to another hospital, where an emergency operation was performed. Three days later, on Easter Sunday, Wallingford Riegger died at the age of seventy-five.

Two days later, during his simple funeral service, his friend Carl Haverlin read the paragraphs from Arthur Cohn's book and observed that but for some brief interchange of talk with the doctors who treated him, these may have been among the last words that Riegger heard. Had I not been engaged in this assignment, they might never have come to his attention.

THE collector to whom Cohn's book, **"The Collector's Twentieth Century Music in the Western Hemisphere"** (Lippincott, $3.75), is directed is of course the record collector. Hence he includes a splendid, painstaking discography of a substantial number of composers. His comments on them and their music are both perceptive and enlightened. To one not aware of the bulk of this recorded material, it may offer some surprises. And the experience will be valuable.

To critically assess twentieth-century music in the Western Hemisphere is obviously a difficult task, compounded by the limits of currently recorded repertory. It is, however, doubly difficult when, to suit a space allotment, one arbitrarily limits oneself to the works of twenty-seven composers. Though Cohn has obviously chosen his subjects with care, readers are bound to question the inclusion of some and the regrettable exclusion of others. But the book transcends such questions, and for proper connoisseurship it is a must.

Among the older established composers he includes Barber, Carter, Copland, Cowell, Creston, Dello Joio, Hanson, Harris, Hovhaness, Ives, Piston, Riegger, Schuman, Sessions, and Thomson. Two South Americans and two Mexicans join them: Ginastera and Villa-Lobos; Chávez and Revueltas. He adds two older foreign-born personalities, Bloch and Varèse, as well as Menotti, who remains an Italian citizen.

The choice of younger composers, which can "pave the hell of a critic's good intentions," was partially solved by recording companies, which have ignored some contemporaries almost completely. But from among those adequately recorded, Cohn has chosen to discuss Fine, Foss, Kirchner, Shapero, and Weber. And while Cohn reminds us it is the author's privilege to cast his vote as he pleases, it is the reader's right to propose his own write-in candidates. Such names as Gunther Schuller, Ross Lee Finney, Lou Harrison, Ulysses Kay, Quincy Porter, Vincent Persichetti, and Halsey Stevens immediately come to mind.

One will quibble less with his perceptive, capsulated estimates of the composers he has chosen, for he is remarkably sympathetic in weighing widely disparate concepts. Broadly speaking, Cohn relegates composers into two types: those who work on the definite principles brought to fruition by the previous generation, and a minority who ruthlessly cast off the past's fetters and strike out for richer newness. Seventy pages later he augments this, stating:

> Composers can be divided into four classes: First, the academicians, who work according to the textbook, are generally concerned with specific past periods, and never adopt new techniques, no matter how valid. Second, the eclectics, who slavishly model their creations on proven examples, drawn from the work of an individual or group—thereby becoming almost academicians. Third, the experimenters; these delight in trying to discover new combinations, new forms and the like. Fourth, the "individual" composers, cognizant of all past work, yet striving constantly to speak in their own fashion without recourse to tight rules

—*Hy Reiter (BMI).*

Ruth Riegger (left) with her father at Caspary Auditorium. The occasion was a birthday concert, celebrating Riegger's seventy-fifth year (April, 1960).

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or the exact spirit of another (past or present) style. . . .

Fortunately, Cohn does not indulge in mere pigeonholing; one can rely on his sane, seasoned judgments. I can think of no other book that deals with contemporary American composers so fairly and with such a sense of rightness. While the styles of many of the better-known composers need little comment, it is in Cohn's discussions of the lesser known and more recently emergent that the book's value increases. Among the lesser known by concert hall standards, he regards Elliott Carter as "one of the most learned of American composers"; Irving Fine's latest work as "neither academically artificial nor in the twelve-tone straitjacket; all its particulars are clearly framed in artistic, emotional music"; Alan Hovhaness as having "a unique status among all American composers, past and present"; Leon Kirchner as being a composer with a "clarified creative horizon"; Harold Shapero, he finds, "holds a distinct place in the school of American composers due to his unstinting regard for the creative doctrines of the neoclassic school," Ben Weber's music "has a passionate vehemence; its sounds are not mere technical platitudes. . . . Weber is an elucidator of twelve-tone technique, by way of his own manner of creative invention."

The great problem with any book of this sort is the built-in factor of obsolescence. Many new recordings have been added to the catalogues since Cohn's manuscript was prepared and the inroads of deletion have made many of the works praised here unavailable. But perhaps the most salubrious effect may be in just such whetted consumer appetites, a stimulated demand which will make contemporary fare more profitable. Withal, Arthur Cohn has assembled a remarkably fine guide for an increasingly interested segment of the musical public in the development of the arts in the Western Hemisphere.

Reiner—"the feeling of a masterpiece."

Reiner vs. Serafin in Verdi

ALMOST every available book and article dealing with Verdi's Manzoni Requiem describes at length the controversy that raged about the work when it was presented to the world in 1874, first (in deference to its ecclesiastical text) at the Church of San Marco in Milan; three days later (in tune with its truly operatic spirit) at La Scala; and subsequently on a tour of Europe, under the composer's direction, that included Paris, Vienna, and London—not in the churches of these cities, it will be noted, but in their concert halls and opera houses. Hans von Bülow attacked the Mass ferociously on esthetic grounds, later beating an abject retreat. Harsh words were written about the theatrical spirit of the music, its incandescence nearer in character to the glow of footlights than to the radiance of a churchly altar.

In short, much ink was spilled; and Verdi won the day. In Vienna, even the redoubtable Hanslick, that fearful enemy of Wagner, put his blessing on the work. The Requiem was officially installed among the masterpieces of nineteenth-century choral music, and discussion ceased.

The stupendous architecture of the work, its mighty emotional impact, its approach to the problems of the hereafter in highly personal terms—for this is the voice of the common man, not the clergy—still hold a fascination for the listener today. When given a great performance, this Requiem can enthrall. It would seem, though, that inferior pages do abound—not because they ignore the traditions of Palestrina (the reproach originally leveled against the Requiem) but because they are simply not outstanding Verdi. Most of the important Verdi works have their marked inequalities, less disturbing on the operatic stage than in the concert hall, where the Requiem lives. It takes a tremendous performance to iron them out or make them disappear within the massive choral framework.

These reflections are prompted by the appearance of two new recorded versions of the work: one by RCA Victor (Stereo LDS 6091, $13.96) with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and the chorus of the Society of the Friends of Music, Vienna, conducted by Fritz Reiner; and the other by Capitol (Stereo SGBR 7227, $13.96) with the orchestra and chorus of the Rome Opera, led by Tullio Serafin. The soloists in the Victor album are Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, the late Jussi Bjoerling, and Giorgio Tozzi; those with Capitol are Shakeh Vartenissian, Fiorenza Cossotto, Eugenio Fernandi, and Boris Christoff.

In Capitol's version of the Requiem, Maestro Serafin offers a dependable reading that never quite strikes fire. Nor is the orchestra of the Rome Opera a luminous performing body. Of the four soloists, the mezzo-soprano, Miss Cossotto, comes off best, singing with vibrant, expressive tone. Miss Vartenissian, at least on the basis of this hearing, does not have the equipment to cope with the soprano's demanding music. Fernandi, in better voice than in his recent Metropolitan appearances, fares variably, achieving a sympathetic vocal quality but suffering occasional mishaps with the pitch. Christoff's finely composed voice brings pleasure, but his style is wide of the mark, much of it—particularly the exaggerated Mors Stupebit—suggesting the work of a low comedy dialectician. Yet it should be noted that these Capitol soloists faithfully take the trill in the Hostias, whereas their colleagues on the rival recording do not.

THE RCA Victor album, however, easily bears the palm. Dominating all is the magnificent conducting of Fritz Reiner, who unifies the heterogeneous work and sparks the entire score with the feeling of a masterpiece. In the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and its companion chorus he has ideal instruments on which to play; and the soloists are notable. The voice of Bjoerling emerges in good form; Tozzi has never sounded more convincing; and Miss Price, in her lovely, lyrical Verdi singing brings memories of Rethberg as Desdemona. For this writer's taste, her *lirico spinto* timbre does not have quite the clarion ring for the dramatic climax of Libera Me; but the reservation is a minor one in the face of her first-class performance throughout. Miss Elias, though competent, seems overweighted in the presence of giants.

Some of the choral pianissimi for tenors and basses reach the vanishing point on this RCA Victor recording; but its engineering on the whole is bold, imaginative, and withal completely respectful of the composer's dynamic scheme. —ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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Recordings in Review

Halffter of Mexico City

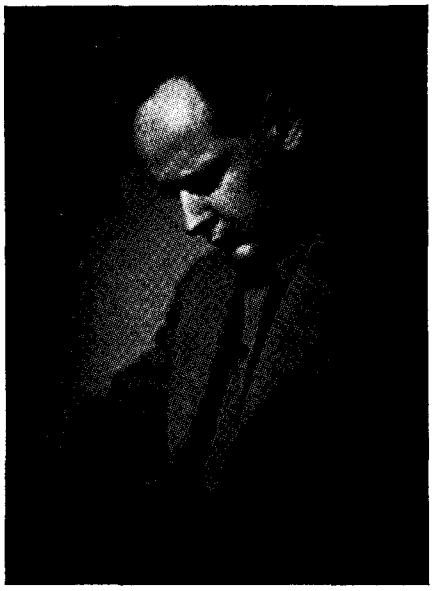
HALFFTER: *"Homenaje a Antonio Machado"*; FALLA: *"Fantasia Baetica"*; TURINA: *"Ensueño," "Orgia." Gonzalo Soriano, piano.* Boston Records B 304, $4.98.

Here is an oddity among recordings of contemporary piano music: a disc worth hearing not only once or twice, but half a dozen times. And always with rising appreciation for the artistry of Rodolfo Halffter, brother of the better-known Ernesto. A native of Madrid, Rodolfo Halffter migrated to Mexico in 1939, for reasons obviously related to the upheaval in his native country. He has since become identified with the musical life of Mexico.

Antonio Machado, to whom this "homage" is dedicated, was a fellow Spanish artist (poet) not as fortunate as Halffter, for he died after many exertions on behalf of the Loyalist cause. Each of the pieces bears an excerpt from Machado, bearing on the waiting endured by exiles, on the attractions of the Spanish land and its people. Surveyed in the sequence are a variety of Spanish styles, including a "Shepherd's Dance" that reminds us that Domenico Scarlatti is an inseparable part of the Spanish musical tradition. From it all emerges, rather clearly, the fact that in this music Rodolfo Halffter is mirroring his own affection for the land of his birth, and his pangs of separation from it.

For this kind of personal poetry, Gonzalo Soriano has just the kind of skills to make one understand it fully, yet objectively. For, in likening the waiter-in-exile to one in an offshore boat, Machado writes "If . . . the sea does not reach your craft, wait without leaving and always hope, for life is long and, moreover, it matters not"—a suggestion of ironic detachment which comes through Halffter's music and Soriano's forceful performance of it.

He is also admirable in the two excerpts of Turina, which might be (but are not) identified as portions of the "Danzas fantásticas" known in their form for orchestra. Soriano does especially well in the swaying "Ensueño" (mislabelled "Consueño"), which he plays with real charm. The Falla "Fantasia Baetica" (after the Roman designation for Spain) is made of materials he used somewhat better in other contexts. Rather dry, nonresonant piano recording.



". . . the gifted Hungerford (of Australia)."

Wagner for Piano

WAGNER: *Sonatas in B flat (Opus 1), and A major (Opus 4), Fantasia in F sharp minor, Sonata in A flat, Albumblätter in C, F minor, and E flat. Bruce Hungerford, piano. Bayreuth Festival Master Classes, 42 W. 58th St., New York 19, or Festspielhaus, Bayreuth, Germany. $15.*

Among the notable facts of this absorbing issue is the official recognition, at long last, by Bayreuth and its overseers of the existence of the phonograph and the recording process. To be sure, there was the series of the early Thirties with Karl Elmendorff conducting issued here by Columbia, some German recordings of the later Thirties which didn't reach us then, and the London experiments of the early Fifties. But it would be inaccurate to say that microphones were really welcomed in the theatre.

It is, of course, a far piece from the recording of an opera to a solo pianist, but since the subject in both cases is the music of Richard Wagner, a kind of breakthrough, at least, has been achieved. Moreover, the problems of recording (in Munich) and editorial presentation have been solved with model efficiency. When the brothers Wagner come to an appreciation of what a comparable theatre project would do for music lovers in all parts of the world, they could well emulate this example. Or, better still, put its execution in the hands of Friedelind Wagner, who has supervised this one.

As for the music, it is most absorbing in the early, little-known works of the eighteen-year-old student—the two sonatas and Fantasia of 1831. Beethoven is clearly the strongest influence—Beethoven of the middle and late period, to whom Wagner's fealty was complete. There are overtones of Weber and undercurrents of Mozart, also some strong suggestions of Schubert.

Least of all does one hear any self-conscious striving for "novelty," "innovation," or "new paths." Though Wagner was destined to be not only architect but builder of the most revolutionary musical concepts of his century, he was, first of all, earnestly aspiring to an art expression in the mold of those he admired, rather than breaking the mold forthwith. It might be noted, too, that the first stirrings of individuality show themselves in the Fantasia, where, relieved of the disciplines of sonata form, he could give range to his imagination (the likenesses to Mozart's C minor Fantasia are, probably, not accidental).

There is interest, too, in hearing the later "sonata," for Mathilde Wesendonck and the briefer pieces in his "Tristan" idiom played so well on so fine-sounding a Bechstein as the gifted Hungerford (of Australia) utilizes here. But, conversely, as the music is better, so the interest is less. Taken altogether, however, the issue accomplishes its documentary purpose with complete justice.

Dvorak by Sejna

DVORAK: *Symphony No. 3 in F (Opus 76). Karel Sejna conducting the Czech Philharmonic.* Artia ALP 171, $4.98. *"Legends", Opus 59. The same.* Supraphon LPV 311, $5.98. *Symphonic Variations, Opus 78. The same. Also "Theme and Variations." Josef Palenicek, piano.* Supraphon LPV 109. $5.98.

With the veteran Václav Talich, whose name has been synonymous for years with the most forceful, idiomatic performances of the music of his native Bohemia, recently dead at the age of seventy-seven, it seems likely that his successor in esteem will be Karel Sejna (Sheh'na). Earlier examples of his talent have tended to point in that direction, and the further evidence from these recent issues is no reason to think otherwise.

While they are available (there being no assurance how long such an

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arrangement as now prevails between Artia in this country and the foreign sources of supply will continue) it might be advisable for American enthusiasts for Dvorak to provide themselves with suitable stocks. It is improbable that more understanding, expressive performances of the "Legends", the "Symphonic Variations," or of the Symphony No. 3 (actually the first-composed of the "final Five" by which Dvorak is best known) will emerge from elsewhere; and if the recording is not the glossiest in hi-fi, it has a patina and sheen quietly reflective of the excellent players in the orchestra.

For most listeners the "Theme and Variations" for solo piano is likely to be as much a novelty as it was to me. A product of 1876, when Dvorak was in his mid-thirties, it is the only work of the kind he published. It has its share of pleasant music, but is, on the whole, one of the works in which Dvorak was walking in the shadow of such older contemporaries as Brahms and Wagner. Palenicek gives every evidence of using his considerable skill wholly to the composer's advantage. Fairly good piano sound.

"Pastorale" Plus

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 6 in F, Twelve Kontretänze. Lorin Maazel conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.* Deutsche Grammophon DGS 138642, $6.98.

It was not only generous but illuminating for Deutsche Grammophon to provide as supplement to Lorin Maazel's performance of the "Pastorale" the set of twelve "Kontretänze," of which recordings have hardly been abundant. This is not by reason of any fancied affiliation with the "Pastorale" because of the assumption, now discredited, that "Kontretänze" has something to do with "country dance" (it actually re-

(*Continued on page* 56)

—*Avedon.*

Igor Stravinsky — "dominant creative impulse and innovator of his time."

Stravinsky on Stravinsky

HARDLY any mode of communication has been stinted by Columbia in this latest devoir to its most distinguished client. We meet him first peering somewhat quixotically from under raised spectacles through the clear lucite box, clad in derby hat and fur overcoat, as mirrored by Richard Avedon; then he is presented in words and pictures, then as the distinctive voice in a spoken commentary, finally as creator and re-creator of "Petrouchka" and "Le Sacre du Printemps." (Monaural: B3L 300, $12.50; stereo: B3S 614, $14.50.)

I grant the sense of history invoked by Goddard Lieberson in his prefatory "Speaking of Stravinsky," and even more, that no printed replica of his conversations (whether with Robert Craft or others) could remotely approach the "wonderful Stravinsky-geneticized language which he has put together out of French, German, English, and Russian-with-immediate-translations," as he describes it. In this respect, Stravinsky's spoken "Apropos 'Le Sacre'" is even more vividly evocative of the atmosphere in which that work came into being than the words as originally printed (in the pages of this magazine, as it happens). Taken altogether, this is a perpetuation of the technics pioneered by Angel in its memorable Ravel, Lipatti, and Poulenc issues, adding, further, the dimensions of the spoken to the seen.

But as ever, the musical sound of Stravinsky on Stravinsky is far more illuminating than any word. For here he is working in the basic vocabulary of which he has been a master for more than half a century: first, of course, as the dominant creative impulse and innovator of his time, more recently as a highly purposeful re-creator, especially of his own music. The latter has not come easily to Stravinsky, for in his early appearances as a conductor (here as well as abroad) he was, understandably, more concerned with mass than with nuance.

Even then, however, it was clear that Stravinsky's view of his music differed from that of all but a few (and not the best known) of his "interpreters". It tended to be clear, transparent, lacking in ostentatious vibrato as practised by virtually all our orchestras to some degree or other. Then, too, when he was represented on recordings in the Thirties and Forties, his preference for a *sec* sound was compounded by the use, more often than not, of a studio so "dead" that nothing, literally, could be re-created in it.

In his recent Columbia recordings, and most triumphantly in this one, all that has been changed. The music as Stravinsky presents it to the microphone is not merely the sum of the notes on the paper, but also their difference: a result arrived at by the presence, always, of air and light among the voices of "Petrouchka," by the striving for—and more often than not, the achieving of—a "natural" sound of each instrument, so that even in the instance of a muted trumpet or a stopped horn the sound is vibrant but closely controlled. Moreover, Stravinsky reminds us in this remarkably contrived performance that "Petrouchka" is essentially a fairy tale, a masque for dancing. There is an almost Mendelssohnian lightness in his treatment of the crowd music, on a scale of values in which the death of Petrouchka is poignant, but hardly tragic. Out of it all emerges a fully formed, delicately integrated arrangement of sound that is ravishing to the ear.

With "Le Sacre" it is a case of not only the same but more so. In this third effort, Stravinsky achieves a refinement of purpose (aided no little by the attributes of stereo) much surpassing any previous version by him. As with his favored Monteux, Stravinsky's emphasis is not on the "motoric" power of "Le Sacre," or its "mysticism," or even its pagan strength, but simply on its musical content, especially the inner voicings to which Stravinsky gives more definition than any other.

Does this, then, answer all the questions about "Petrouchka" and "Le Sacre"? Hardly, for it raises as many new ones as it answers old. Specifically, it poses some new considerations about his oft-stated attitude to the effect: "Why interpret music in which everything is clearly indicated, and needs no interpretation?" With all deference to Stravinsky and the immensely valuable service Columbia is performing in publishing as close to a complete dossier on him as it can, one must say that these, too, are "interpretations"—from a singularly authoritative source, but still subject to an intrusion of personality. Highly satisfactory technical work. —I. K.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albéniz: "Iberia" (six sections). Turina: "Danzas fantásticas." Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London CS 6194, $4.98.	These performances fall midway between the wholly idiomatic, non-exhibitionistic versions for which we shall always be grateful to the late Ataulfo Argenta and the non-idiomatic, wholly exhibitionistic performances usually heard from orchestras in this part of the world. Ansermet tends to level off the specifically Spanish elements in the music, exposing the French textures of a Chabrier as the principal element of identification. However, there are more than occasional refinements in the orchestral performance, which is first-class throughout and very efficiently reproduced.
Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra, Dance Suite. Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam conducted by Bernard Haitink. Epic BC 1129, $5.98.	One of the earliest recordings of the now much-performed Concerto was by the Concertgebouw under the direction of Eduard van Beinum—a 78 rpm issue on London converted into one of its early LPs. Thus the players' orientation to the score is both long and intimate, a circumstance reflected in the surety and dispatch with which even its trickiest passages are performed. Beyond this virtue, however, there are subtleties and values in the score which other interpreters have organized more expressivly. The Dance Suite is also capably performed, if with no strong suggestion of a positive interpretive personality. Sharply defined recording.
Beethoven: "Leonore" No. 3, "Egmont," "Coriolanus," "Consecration of the House," and "Namensfeier" Overtures. Eugen Jochum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. Epic BC 1128, $5.98.	For those with a weakness for the less frequently played overtures of Beethoven, this disc might profitably have been devoted not only to the "Namensfeier" and "Consecration of the House" but to such others as "Prometheus," "King Stephen," "Ruins of Athens," etc. For this there are several reasons: other conductors are likely to be preferred in one or another of the great trio represented here ("Leonore" No. 3, "Egmont," and "Coriolanus") and the lesser suffer by juxtaposition with the greater. This much said, it should also be said that Jochum does his elected task with probity, strength of purpose, and excellent musicianship. He also enjoys superlative cooperation from the excellent orchestra of which he is now (with Haitink) co-conductor.
Bloch: "Three Jewish Poems." Copland: Variations for Orchestra, "Fanfare for the Common Man." Fritz Mahler conducting the Hartford Symphony Orchestra. Vanguard VSD 2085, $5.95.	The repertory is well chosen and Mahler's abilities for dealing with it, especially in the Bloch pieces, are self-evident. However, it is hardly expectable that the Hartford ensemble can compete in the phonograph stake races with the thoroughbreds of other, larger stables. In specifically musical terms, the string sound is neither strong nor sufficiently sonorous, and the woodwinds are a little uncertain. The "Fanfare," being a concentrated work for a limited number of players, has been well studied and is capably performed.
Coates: "London," "London Again," etc. Eric Johnson and his Orchestra. Westminster 14132, $4.98.	As London showed several years ago with versions of these works conducted by the composer himself, there is a good deal more to them than the humdrum values offered here by Johnson. How big "his" orchestra may be is hard to gauge from this reproduction of it, but it is much too small for the kind of service provided in the early Fifties by the New Symphony with the late Coates. Moreover, Johnson cares insufficiently about the spirit in the "Knightsbridge" March, or the bustle of "Oxford Street" to make them meaningful. The recording is not particularly good, either.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 4 (in G), "Midday Witch." Václav Talich conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Artia ALP 178, $4.98.	Though the late Talich (he died in Prague within recent weeks at the age of 77) did not enjoy intercontinental celebrity, he was a master of the music by which he is known to us, and an interpreter of it by which all others could be judged. This No. 4 lacks the rich sound to be heard in Szell's for Epic or Barbirolli's for Mercury, but he delivers pith and substance with equal measure, matching the infectious well-being that flows through the music with similar spirit of his own. The tone poem, well played, is lesser Dvorak.
Hindemith: Sinfonietta in E (1950); Diamond: "Timon of Athens"; Almand: "Steamboat Overture." Louisville Orchestra conducted by Robert Whitney. LOU 605, $7.95.	These works have little in common save that they were all performed for the finst time in 1949-50, as a result of commissions extended by the Louisville Philharmonic. Neither Hindemith's nor Diamond's score represents the composer at his best, though there is more fluency in the Hindemith, as there is more expressive purpose in Diamond's work. As for Claude Almand, who died in Florida a few years ago at the age of forty-two, the "Steamboat Overture" reveals little of a compositional career apparently carried on in a localized area. The record is not too well processed.
Mozart: Concertos in A (K. 488) and C minor (K. 491). Wilhelm Kempff, piano, with the Bamberg Symphony conducted by Ferdinand Leitner. Deutsche Grammophon DGS 138645, $6.98.	If sturdy is a word that seems a suitable characterization for Mozart, then these sturdy performances by Kempff will satisfy the expectations aroused by the contents of this record. For most, however, it will suggest only one element which, in combination with others, produces the desirable blend. Kempff comprehends the aspect of science in Mozart's writing very well, less well the flashing spirit, pertinent wit and sentiment that abound in these works. So far as comparison is possible, he is better adjusted to the C minor, which can use the forceful sound he produces, than to the A major. Leitner fulfills his function well, the orchestra is much better than it used to be, and the recording is outstanding.
Strauss (Dorati): "Graduation Ball." Weber: "Invitation to the Dance." Willi Boskovsky conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London CS 6199, $4.98.	After a journey that has nearly circled the earth—"Graduation Ball" had its first performance in Sydney, Australia, in 1940—the Strauss music which makes up the racy undercurrent for Lichine's ballet has finally come home to Vienna, with results that shame every previous version of it. What this amounts to, actually, are dazzling performances of the "Acceleration" Waltz (grievously overlooked in the anonymous citation of contents) with which it begins, the "Perpetuum Mobile," and sundry galops, polkas, etc., which Dorati integrated into a sequence. The performances, both meticulous and enamoring, are heartening evidence that Willi Boskovsky, the orchestra's concertmaster, is acquiring a full measure of authority to get the best from his mates in the music they play inimitably. The Weber "encore" is also capably directed. Highly agreeable sound.
Tchaikovsky: "Serenade"; Borodin; "Nocturne"; Vaughan Williams: "Greensleeves" Fantasia; Barber: Adagio. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MS 6224, $5.98.	If this collection has a familiar aspect, the reason is clear: it has long been among the favorite ways of enjoying the superb sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra's string section. And the reissue is not only a stronger, richer, more deeply sonorous serving of the same, but performances of even greater refinement and closely controlled nuance. Given such quality of interpretation and the benefits of note-matching reproduction, the Barber "Adagio" holds its own in the company it keeps. —Irving Kolodin.

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New Voices for Old Music

TO SPIN serenely the subtle threads of eighteenth-century melody, it is necessary for the singer trained in the hurly-burly of this century to be a musician of considerable adaptability. Teresa Berganza appears to be just such a musician, and since she is still young it will be interesting, for those who follow such matters, to watch her develop as an artist. Her previous recorded repertory has included the bravura arias of Rossini and a group of Spanish songs; her venture here into the lucid, beautifully molded musical statements of an earlier time is a further sign of her rapidly growing powers. She has, of course, a most beautiful voice. Its dark quality is always tempered by the wealth of color that good singing allows those who practice it to draw upon. There is not a sign of throatiness, and because she does not add weight where it does not belong, her high voice is full and free. She accomplishes the most dazzling feats of vocalism with an assurance and élan that are the marks of one to whom such matters are second nature.

She is also, as her record shows, rapidly developing great resources of understanding, and if her present efforts do not yet fully realize all that is in the music, her work bears exciting promise for the future. Even now, her "Medea, O Medea" is a major accomplishment. Here the voice is scaled down to a beautiful mezza voce, and Neris speaks through it hesitantly, even though she is warmly sympathetic to her tormented mistress, Medea. It is not hard to imagine what such gentleness could do on stage to throw the violence of Medea into greater relief. Less successful at the moment are the Gluck excerpts. There is still too much of Italian grand opera in this singing; the conspicuous use of chest voice, for example, introduces a vocal color that is quite out of place, while the flowing legato that breathes with its own interior rhythm is barely suggested. Miss Berganza, too, likes to "set" dynamics and phrasing. Of course, it is obvious that there must be a master plan, but the inspiration of the moment has always been one of the miracles of performance, and if it comes, it should not be squelched on principle alone.

There is little danger that Kenneth McKellar will attract his listeners by beauty of voice alone, but those who hear him through will end with considerable respect for his artistic achievements. He comes to Handel with many recordings of Scotch and Irish folk songs behind him, but working with such material has limited neither his technique nor his musical perceptions. Four of the works on this record were first released in England in May, 1960, and they, together with more recently recorded arias, make up a Handel recital of distinction. The voice is an agreeable one, and it is enhanced by technical competence above the average; the ease, for example, with which he manages the "gigantic" leaps in "How vain is man" is most unusual. Long phrases sound remarkably easy, and even high pianissimi, such as the one near the close of "Ombra mai fù," are fully supported. Enunciation is the only serious problem. Like many singers who shy away from the less gracious English vowel sounds, McKellar modifies them at times out of recognition. And he is not careful about final consonants. Aside from these points, however, his singing is a pleasure to hear. It is straightforward and refreshing. Whether or not it will become more than that is still an open question. The stamp of an individual personality upon the music is not yet in evidence.

Gluck: "Che farò senza Euridice," "Che puro ciel" ("Orfeo"); *Cherubini:* "Medea, O Medea . . . Solo un pianto" ("Medea"); *Gluck:* "Divinités du Styx" ("Alceste"); *Pergolesi:* "Stizzoso, mio stizzoso" ("La Serva Padrona"); *Gluck:* "O del mio dolce ardor" ("Paride ed Elena"); *Handel:* "Piangerò la sorte mia" ("Giulio Cesare"); *Paisiello:* "Il mio ben quando verrà" ("Nina, Pazza per Amore"). Teresa Berganza with the Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, conducted by Alexander Gibson. London OS 25225, $5.98.

Handel: "Ombra mai fù ("Xerxes"), "Love in her eyes sits playing" ("Acis and Galatea"), "Silent Worship" ("Ptolemy"), "Waft her, angels" ("Jephtha"), "Comfort ye," "Every valley" ("Messiah"), "Where'er you walk" ("Semele"), "How vain is man," "Sound an alarm" ("Judas Maccabaeus"). Kenneth McKellar with the Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. London OS 25234, $5.98.

Gounod: "Jewel song" ("Faust"); *Puccini:* "Mi chiamano Mimì" ("La Bohème"); *Meyerbeer:* "Ombre legère" ("Dinorah"); *Bizet:* "Micaëla's Air" ("Carmen"); *Rossini:* "Bel raggio lusinghier" ("Semiramide"); *Puccini:* "Signore, ascolta," "Tu che di gel sei cinta" ("Turandot"); *Delibes:* "Bell song" ("Lakmé"). Anna Moffo with the Rome Opera House Orchestra, conducted by Tullio Serafin. RCA Victor LM 2504, $4.98.

ANNA MOFFO is, in her recording, a lamb thrown to lions. The lions are Rossini and Meyerbeer, and although it may be argued that their music damages the metaphor, no one will deny that they are frightening to any singer who encounters them for the first time. Miss Moffo is quite able physically to approach the coloratura repertory that has been revived in recent years by the mezzo and dramatic sopranos for whom it was originally conceived. The high notes, many of them interpolated, are within her reach, although not always easily, and the scales move tidily in her voice. But an approach is not an arrival. As they are performed here, the bravura passages, which should sparkle and exhilarate, are flaccid and tenuous and they reveal none of the dramatic secrets that lie hidden in them for those, like Callas, who know where to look. The "Bell Song" suffers perhaps the least from such cautious coloratura, for its snaky, pseudo-Oriental figurations have within them a touch of languor. Marguerite, on the other hand, whose innocent excitement is smothered here, never comes to life, and the evil (whose force she feels like a living hand laid upon her) of the jewels she wears apparently leaves her undisturbed. The Puccini arias are much different. In them the lovely lyric quality of Miss Moffo's voice glows with color, and the markedly individual style that stamps her as an artist of distinction is more in evidence. Although the voice does not ride the orchestra in Mimì's aria as it should, the spun pianissimi and subtle details of characterization are enchanting. And little Liù who is self-negating and quiet until fate forces her to defy the icy Turandot, is most moving here. Such sensitive artistry, working with an emotional language whose range it can fully explore, will always be heard with gratitude. For this very reason it would be well for Miss Moffo to leave the singularities of "bel canto" heroines to those who, through some mysterious second sight, are able to cope with them psychologically.

—JEAN BOWEN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: *Trio in B flat, Opus 97.* Haydn: Trio (No. 4) in E. Trieste Trio. Deutsche Grammophon DGS 136220, $6.98.	The expert Triestens make a smooth-flowing thing of the Haydn, which begins on Side One, in order to present the last three movements of the Beethoven on Side Two without interruption. However, the first measures of the "Archduke" are rather too much a continuation of what has preceded. The lightness and delicacy of touch that has made pianist Dario de Rosa highly effective in Haydn leaves him short of the sonority desired in the Beethoven. This is especially so as his associates (Renato Zanettovich, violin, and Libero Lana, cellist) dutifully adapt themselves to his level of sound, more to the advantage of balance than of Beethoven. It is all highly professional, but rather slight. The andante Variations are beautifully played. Good, round concert-hall sound.
Brahms: Sonatas (No. 1, Opus 78, and No. 2, Opus 100). Igor Oistrakh, violin, with Arthur Ginsburg, piano. Artia MK 1547, $4.98.	This disc doesn't add much to knowledge of either Brahms or Oistrakh fils: it proclaims the same kind of violinistic flair and musical competence previously heard in works that were closer kin to him spiritually. He does everything in both sonatas correctly and with fine sound, but with little evidence of enlivening enthusiasms for the composer or his idiom. Indeed, Ginsburg's piano playing is somewhat more outspoken and urgent than his partner's, though this is relative to Oistrakh's prevailing placidity rather than to any great impulse of his own. Tonally both instruments are well reproduced.
Chopin: Waltzes. Alexander Brailowsky, piano. Columbia MS 6228, $5.98.	The Brailowsky public will know what to expect from these performances, and will question—if at all—just how well the recording represents his current pianistic status. For that the answer unquestionably is: very well indeed, to a hair's breadth of accuracy in percussive fortissimo and lightly stroked piano. Others, however, may be reminded that with the assured execution goes a good deal of mathematically measurable ritards and accelerandos, a predictable pattern of accents and dynamic shadings.
Kreisler: "Liebesfreud," "Schön Rosmarin," "La Gitana," "Caprice Viennois," "Rondino on a Theme of Beethoven," "Variations on a Theme of Corelli" (Tartini-Kreisler), Praeludium and Allegro, etc. Mischa Elman, violin, and Joseph Seiger, piano. Vanguard VSD 2084, $5.95.	As a labor of love, this is unlikely to be surpassed in the year's production of discs, for Elman's devotion to the material is as strong as his desire to do it justice. Not all the accents in "Liebesfreud," "Schön Rosmarin," etc., are quite the equivalent of Kreisler's Viennese intentions, but the performances have their own unquestionable zest and vitality. For the most part, too, they have the richness of sound especially Elman's own, with only an occasional slip of the bow here and there (mostly in slow tempi) to identify the contemporary Elman as one of the marvels of longevity on his instrument. Joseph Seiger makes a fine partner in the beautifully balanced recording.
Leoncavallo: "Pagliacci." Franco Corelli, Lucine Amara, Tito Gobbi, and Mario Zanasi, with Lovro von Matacic conducting the orchestra and chorus of La Scala. Angel 3618 B/L, $9.96.	Distinction is in short supply in this performance, which is methodical and without overt shortcoming, but also of conventional values, musically and dramatically. Perhaps there will be the most curiosity about the faring of Corelli, whose season's work at the Metropolitan has been divided between the pealing proclamations in "Turandot" and lunging passes at the qualifications required of a tenor in "Trovatore" and "Don Carlo." Of his power there is no doubt, and seemingly, no end; but the lack of vibrance or warmth in the tones as well as the absence of sublety in his use of them limit his appeal. He does enunciate well and his intentions here are reasonably musical, but it is all otherwise crude as to style or expressiveness. Gobbi, of course, is the best performer, if a little lean of voice, in a cast otherwise limited by the modest merits of Miss Amara's Nedda. Zanasi registers very well in the music of Silvio. Matacic does his work with practiced skill, through the superior singing by La Scala's chorus of "Va, pensiero" from "Nabucco," the "Anvil Chorus" from "Trovatore," and "Gloria all'Egitto" from "Aida" on Side 4. It is all an object lesson in how such material should sound, and rarely does in our theatres.
Mendelssohn: "Variations Sérieuses"; Schumann: Romances, Opus 28; Schubert: Sonata in A minor, Opus 164. Gonzalo Soriano, piano. Boston B 303, $4.98.	Soriano's high musical standards and his increasingly sure ability to articulate them should give him a more prominent place in America than he presently enjoys (limited in New York to the impression of one not-too-happy performance of the Schumann Concerto with the Philharmonic Orchestra). As this disc suggests, he has a more than common affinity for the music of the mid-nineteenth century. Even so, there is sufficient distinction between his Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Schubert to identify each as an individual voice. There would be even more definition if the piano recording were more spacious, less confined.
Mozart: "Deh vieni alla finestra" ("Don Giovanni"); Verdi: "Eri tu" ("Ballo"); Giordano: "Nemico della patria" ("Andrea Chenier"). Andrzej Hiolski, baritone; Mozart: "Madamina" ("Don Giovanni"); Verdi: "Ella giammai m'amo" ("Don Carlo"). Edmund Kossowski, bass; Verdi: "Pace, pace" ("La Forza"); Puccini: "Un bel dì" ("Madama Butterfly"). Alina Bolechowska, soprano; Bizet: "La fleur" ("Carmen"); Puccini: "Che gelida manina" ("La Bohème"). Bogdan Paprocki, tenor. Radio Symphony Orchestra, Berlin, with Mieczyslaw Mierzejewski conducting. Deutsche Grammophon DGS 136014, $6.98.	Among these members of the Warsaw Opera (most of whom sound young), the most interesting talent belongs to baritone Hiolski, who has a lyric voice of quality, with a heady resonance akin to that of the late Heinrich Schlusnus. He is a singer of taste, though not an altogether assured technician. Bass Kossowski also has promise, though he is not yet abreast dramatically of such material as "Ella giammai." Miss Bolechowska is happier with her Puccini excerpt than with the heavier requirements of Verdi, but in neither case ready for searching evaluation. Least in quality is the tenor. All the items, it should be noted, are sung in the original language and the recording is good.
Mozart: "Ein musikalischer Spass." Members of the NDR Symphony conducted by Christoph Stepp. Suite from "Die Entführung," (K. 384). SDR Wind Ensemble. Divertimento (K. 196). F. Detmold Wind Sextet. Deutsche Grammophon Archive ARC 73150, $6.98.	All the material is masterful, especially the suite from "Die Entführung," which may not be Mozart's own arrangement (though it is known that he made one) but is faithful to his mode of writing. It embodies numerous familiar episodes from the *singspiel* and is expertly performed. So is the ever welcome "Musical Joke," even though the ensemble sounds larger than the sextet to which we are accustomed. This would be less a matter for mention did not conductor Stepp insist on "interpreting" a work whose values are self-explanatory. The early Divertimento's performers are also worthy of their task. Very good sound.
Scarlatti, A.: *Concerto Grosso (No. 3) in F*; Leo: Concerto in D; Durante: Concerto in F minor; Pergolesi: Concerto in G. I Musici, with Enzo Altobelli, cello, and Severino Gazzelloni, flute. Epic BC 1119, $5.98.	The first records of the group called I Musici were notable for verve and zest, for the virtuosity with which all the requirements of fine string performance were met. Now, after half a dozen years, the sense of interdependence and mutuality of feeling has become so strong that slow movements (whether largo, larghetto, or adagio) are perhaps outstanding among all their attributes. —I. K.

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THE AMEN CORNER

Early Spring Bouquet

ONE OF the signal events of the jazz year (and it has been happening only about once a year) is a new LP by the pianist Bill Evans. Here is a man whom I am inclined to think of as the ranking jazz pianist of the present time. Consider his qualities: he has rich and diversified invention, impeccable taste, and strong lyric feeling combined with a subtle and pungent command of jazz rhythm. Offhand, I cannot think of another player who offers all these values in anything like the same degree. Furthermore, Evans has worked out with his companions Scott La Faro, bass, and Paul Motian, drums, a triangular delicacy that is among the choicest things in the current jazz scene. His new LP, "Explorations" (Riverside RLP 351), finds him largely in a meditative mood, with such themes as "How Deep Is the Ocean?", Miles Davis's "Nardis," and Arthur Schwartz's lovely and all but forgotten ballad, "Haunted Heart."

Other figures who, thank heavens, will not let us forget that jazz is, among other things, a lyric art are the Japanese pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi and her husband Charlie Mariano, alto sax. In their new quartet album (Candid 8012) they are joined by Gene Cherico, bass, and Eddie Marshall, drums. There are two compositions apiece by Toshiko and Mariano, plus a warm elaboration of "Deep River," featuring Mariano. The lyricism of this music is often conveyed through piano and saxophone patterns that are quite ornate. But the players are not merely embroiderers or decorators; their songfulness takes a naturally opulent turn. All in all, the Toshiko Mariano Quartet furnishes here a music of grace, feeling, nuance, and vigorous pulse that is unique in my jazz experience. The members have their own jazz dialect, and I hope they keep speaking it.

No sooner had I mentioned last month that I had not as yet heard any avant-garde jazz using tone-row procedures than I received "How Time Passes" (Candid 8004), by Don Ellis, trumpet; Jaki Byard, piano and alto sax; Ron Carter, bass; and Charlie Persip, drums. One entire side of this LP by an extremely sophisticated group is taken up by Ellis's "Improvisational Suite No. 1," based on a twelve-tone row (the scheme of development and departure is clearly outlined in Gunther Schuller's liner notes). The music moves in and out of jazz rhythms, through suggestions of various earlier jazz moods, from Chicagoan drive to boogie-woogie to the swipes and wails of the modernist Ornette Coleman. There is a such a variety of expressive styles that there should be, almost literally, something for every jazz addict. The row process here is fascinating as far as I have been able to follow it; I should think that even much better ears than mine would stand to gain by a stylistic consistency that would make the row and its transformations easier to discern, or at least to "feel." But this is doubtless a presumption on my part; meanwhile, Ellis and his associates are an exciting band to hear. On the other side of the LP I find two gems: Ellis's beautiful modal ballad, "Sallie," and his lustrous swinger, "A Simplex One." In these, Ellis and company certainly fulfil their "desire to extend the rhythms, harmonies and melodies of jazz further than they are commonly used today."

THE tenor saxophonist John Coltrane ranks among the heroes of his horn. Long an improviser of dazzling chromatic originality and velocity (his playing has often been described as "sheets of sound"), he has gradually been simplifying and refining his expression until the day has come when his old admirers are almost bound to think of the abandoned power he is holding in reserve. By the same token, some of them may yearn for the old breathless fantasias. I, for one, would not wish to give up my discs of the old Coltrane, but I find the newer man delightful for the poised and restrained shaping of his choruses. Two new LPs offer examples. "Coltrane Jazz" (Atlantic 1354) includes several originals and such standards as "Little Old Lady" and "My Shining Hour." The early complexities of Coltrane concealed a plaintive lyricism that is very evident here. "My Favorite Things" (Atlantic 1361) contains the Richard Rodgers title theme, together with "Everytime We Say Goodbye," "Summertime," and "But Not for Me." On the first two tracks, Coltrane plays the soprano saxophone, and immediately proves himself a master of that instrument. On the first LP, seven out of eight tracks are made with Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Jimmy Cobb, drums. The eighth track, and the second LP, include McCoy Tyner, piano; Steve Davis, bass; and Elvin Jones, drums.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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War Horses Newly Saddled

By MICHAEL STEINBERG

THE NEW Archive album (ARC 3156/7, $11.98 or ARC 73156/7, $13.98) of the Bach Brandenburg Concertos is very appealing. The music is played by the Festival Strings Lucerne, and the performances are relaxed, genial, and vivacious. The interpretations are not always as settled or matured as they might be, and occasionally the players will seem almost absent mindedly to drift away from a chosen tempo. The approach is mostly rather impersonal, and at one point I wish the music had been subjected to a more searching "listening" by the players; that is in the slow movement of No. 1, the only unqualified Adagio in the series, and a page that does not gain from being read a bit casually, as it is here. On the other hand, I am very much taken with the effect of the Andantes of the second and fourth concertos, in which the pathos is applied with a wonderfully light and sensitive touch.

Concerto No. 2 has the superb trumpet playing of Adolf Scherbaum, which has been very well balanced with the rest of the ensemble; while still sounding brilliant, it never blasts the violin and oboe out of the picture, and even the recorder comes through clearly most of the time. Concerto No. 4 is done with recorders, very well played by Hans-Martin Linde and Thea von Sparr, but with Rudolf Baumgartner as an insufficiently brilliant violinist. Ralph Kirkpatrick is imported to play the harpsichord solo in No. 5, with semi-happy results. I like his personal vision of Bach, even though some of what he does is fussy or even eccentric, but his colleagues, Baumgartner and the excellent flutist Aurèle Nicolet, seem not to share his views. So one can hear, for example, certain of the finale's six-eight patterns emerge almost dotted when played on the harpsichord (and this is quite exciting, too!), followed by the same thing played perfectly straight by everyone else. The outstanding achievement in the album is the performance of the violinless sixth concerto, alive, virile, sensitive, pathetic, and dark without being glumly Brahmsian. "Perfection" describes it adequately enough, and no praise is too extravagant for the playing of the violists Ulrich Koch and Martin Fischer, and the cellist Claude Starck.

The recording itself is excellent, and Archive has gone to great pains to make the production as splendid as possible. There is a large and lavishly illustrated booklet in three languages, which includes not only a testimonial from Albert Schweitzer, but also, and to my enormous delight, a portrait of one of the great villainesses of music history, the Princess Friederica Henrietta (complete with string of titles from Fürstin to Frau), the infamous "*Amusa*" who turned her ducal husband's attention from the high-minded pursuit of concerti grossi and so drove Bach away from his happy times at Cöthen.

"The Seasons" by Vivaldi has appeared in two more recordings, one by I Musici with Felix Ayo as soloist (Epic LC-3704, $4.98 or BC-1086, $5.98) and another with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy with Anshel Brusilow (Columbia ML-5595, $4.98 or MS-6195, $5.98). The record by I Musici is rather good, except that the group is a bit tame about communicating Vivaldi's very charming programmatic conceits. Ormandy turned out less thunderous than I had feared, but the listener who likes the continuo played all on the harpsichord rather than partly by orchestral strings, who cares about nicely executed embellishments, and who does not feel the need for fasten-your-seatbelts warning ritards miles and miles before the end of each Allegro, should be warned that this recording is not one for him.

Finally, the Vivaldi album that has given me the greatest pleasure of any I know is that of the twelve Violin Concertos, Opus 9, "La Cetra" (Vanguard BG 572/4, $14.98 or BGS 5033/5, $17.85). Paul Makanowitzky is the soloist, and the Chamber Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera is conducted by Vladimir Golschmann. The music is somewhat more bizarre and, indeed, baroque than that of the more classical Opera 3 and 8, and the violin writing is exceptionally imaginative and brilliant. Some might object to the innately nineteenth-century tone of the soloist or to the conductor's occasionally unduly emphatic statements of the ritornelli. I do not, because the virtues of these exciting performances seem so much more important. I just like everything about this wonderful album.

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THE OTHER SIDE

The Beecham Legacy—Merger for Decca?

LONDON.

OF Sir Thomas Beecham it can truly be said that, had he not existed, it would have been necessary to invent him—although only a writer of genius could have made us believe in so richly endowed and so colorful a character. His death did not take us by surprise, for he had been a very sick man since his return from a North American tour about a year ago; nonetheless, we were stunned by the realization that "Tommy" was no longer among us, stunned as though under the impact of some natural disaster or a national calamity. This, no doubt, accounts for the inadequacy and perfunctoriness of most of his obituaries.

No one did more than he to dispel the time-honored image of Britain as a "Land ohne Musik"; sustained by his boundless love of music and a truly enviable zest for life, he used his natural gifts and the fortune derived from his family's patent medicine business to fight public indifference and the Philistinism of the Establishment. Like Bernard Shaw before him, Beecham learned to hide his acutely sensitive nature (which was only revealed when one met him privately) behind a public façade designed to outrage conventional minds by his superb wit and devastating invective as well as his flair for showmanship.

With Beecham life was for living and music was something to be enjoyed, not a solemn rite. That is why so many musicians and music lovers conditioned by the Teutonic approach were apt to look on him with deep suspicion. I was often puzzled and perturbed when, hearing him conduct Haydn symphonies with his inimitable mixture of vitality, grace, and mischievous good humor, I would see around me not smiling faces but knitted brows.

I have no wish to rekindle the old debate about the relative value of recordings made at actual performances (inevitably containing small flaws and some degree of "audience participation") and the more perfect, albeit slightly synthetic, studio product; but, having heard Beecham, both live and recorded, for about a quarter century, I would urge HMV to let us have some real Beecham concerts *in toto*—wisecracks and all. The material exists, for in recent years he made a point of having everything taken down on tape; in this way it may even be possible to close some inexplicable gaps in his studio repertoire: Schubert's "Great" C major Symphony, for example, which he declared to be the greatest of all symphonies and of which he gave a glorious performance at the Festival Hall on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday.

Such retrospective possibilities apart, it seems unlikely that HMV's vaults contain much material still waiting to be issued. We can, however, look forward to his stereo remake of Berlioz's Symphonie Fantastique, as well as assorted overtures and another collection of "lollipops." At present HMV is rushing through Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," a 1959 performance of glowing vitality.

Meanwhile, on the purely commercial side of the phonographic fence, months of rumors appear to be crystallizing toward a really sensational upheaval, the long-term consequences of which no one can possibly predict. Nothing has yet been announced officially, but it is said that Decca Records will soon cease to exist as an independent group, instead becoming part of the Philips empire, controlled from Holland. This development is said to be due mainly to the impending retirement of Sir Edward Lewis, Decca's chairman these past thirty years, whose dynamic leadership transformed a near-bankrupt concern into an industrial giant. As I understand it, the public will notice little if any change (apart from a freer exchange of recording artists), for Decca will be kept intact and its labels are to retain their present identities. In principle one may perhaps deplore any tendency that concentrates greater power in fewer hands, yet we must face the fact that the alternative—a possible future merger between Decca and EMI—would have resulted in a virtual monopoly such as existed here prior to the arrival of LP.

Decca, meanwhile, has greeted the arrival of spring with seasonable fare—the first-ever recording of Britten's "Spring Symphony." This joyous work is hardly a symphony in the accepted sense but is cast in a form that Britten has made peculiarly his own: a poetic anthology of one subject. With Jennifer Vyvyan, Norma Procter, and, inevitably, Peter Pears as principals, and the composer directing the Covent Garden Chorus and Orchestra; this superbly recorded disc sets winter to flight.

Peter Pears, who in spite of having completed his half-century a year ago, is today singing better than ever, also appears on two current Oiseau-Lyre releases. A collection of seventeenth-century motets for solo tenor by Buxtehude, Schütz, Purcell, and Couperin shows him at his considerable best. I am not quite so happy about the same company's stereo recording of Berlioz's lovely oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ." Here Pears takes the part of the narrator, but neither he nor his fellow-principals—who include Elsie Morison (Mary), John Cameron (Joseph) and Joseph Rouleau (Herod and the Householder)—sounds really convincing in their efforts to cope with the intricacies of the French language, while Colin Davis, who conducts the St. Anthony Singers and the Goldsbrough Orchestra, does not as yet appear fully to have mastered the intensely personal idiom of this composition.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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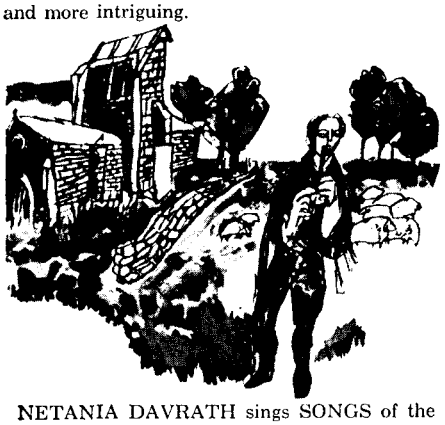

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

WALTER'S WEST COAST ORCHESTRA

WITH GREAT INTEREST I read in your issue of March 25 about "Pros and Cons of Walter's Brahms." As I recently had the privilege of attending recording sessions of the Columbia Orchestra under Bruno Walter's direction I should like to comment on remarks made by one of your readers.

I fully agree with David I. Schuster, who stresses the unique historical importance of the new Walter recordings. Here we have indeed a rare opportunity to get definite interpretations of works by Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Mahler, etc., through one of the world's greatest musicians, who bases his interpretations on a lifetime of artistic experience. Mr. Schuster proceeds, however, to lament the "chaotic conditions" under which these recordings were done by a "second-rate orchestra," and I must confess that in this respect my own observations no longer bear out Mr. Schuster's views. To the musicians who, like myself, listened recently, the Columbia Orchestra appeared as a homogeneous ensemble perfectly attuned to the great conductor's intentions, entirely willing and fully competent to meet the slightest of his wishes. This group seems to me by no means inferior to a first-class orchestra, a view emphatically shared by Dr. Walter himself. Some of the finest musicians residing in the Los Angeles area belong to the orchestra, which has become an admirable instrument in Dr. Walter's hands.

At the recording sessions of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, I noticed that the Adagio alone was rehearsed and performed for three and a half hours, and, even after eight "takes," the conductor was not quite satisfied and had certain passages done over at another session until they met his most exacting standards. Throughout all the sessions the orchestra was fully cooperative and understanding, and the technical personnel completely self-effacing and merely intent on providing ideal working conditions for the revered master. It seems a most fortunate setup that the conductor of eighty-five has at his very doorstep the Columbia Orchestra, which one might safely call the Walter Orchestra, just as Toscanini at the same time of life had the NBC orchestra at his disposal.

KARL GEIRINGER.

Goleta, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The subject under discussion was Walter's recordings of Brahms rather than Bruckner; but we welcome Professor Geiringer's observations.*

A PLAYER SPEAKS

I TAKE ISSUE with David Schuster's report about the Bruno Walter recordings. It is his privilege to criticize the records even though we disagree; after comparing them with other recent recordings we found them most excellent. However, it is when he writes about the "blasé attitude of the musicians and the inadequate recording conditions" that I wish to reply.

I, and those whom I have spoken to regarding this letter, have been members of the orchestra since its inception. Mr. Schuster writes of the chaotic conditions, the lack of knowledge of what is to be recorded, the passing of takes over Dr. Walter's objections, the incompetency of the orchestra. All of this I believe untrue.

These recordings were carried on under the most ideal conditions for making good music. The feeling of reverence, respect, and cooperation between conductor and musicians could not be surpassed. The musicians always knew ahead of time what was to be recorded. In fact, music was available beforehand. I do not recall any take that was passed over the objections of Dr. Walter. In fact, the musicians were invited into the control room to help judge the tapes.

Mr. Schuster does a grave injustice to the orchestra personnel (many of whom have played under the maestro for over twenty years) and to Bruno Walter himself by his inaccurate "inside" report.

The musicians of the orchestra resented his letter for the above reasons and for the adverse effect it would have on influencing public opinion of the records.

KALMAN BLOCH.

Los Angeles, Calif.

QUERY ON "PRAGUE"

I WONDER IF the editor of your phonograph record department knows whether "The Battle of Prague" has ever been recorded on LP records. As you doubtless know, this was a standard piano piece in the period around 1840. It was written in 1788 by Franz Kotzwara, in London. He was a refugee from Bohemia. This work is interesting from a literary point of view because of several references in literary classics, as follows:

Thoreau: In his journal, dated August 7, 1840, he writes: "When my senses are awake I hear a 'Battle of Prague' played in these tame fields."

Thackeray: In "Vanity Fair," Chapter 21—"The sisters began to play 'The Battle of Prague'. 'Stop that d..... thing,' George howled out in fury from the sofa. 'It makes me mad.'"

Mark Twain: In Huck Finn—"and nothing was ever so lovely as to hear the young ladies play 'The Battle of Prague'."

In "Life on the Mississippi," where Twain describes a very ornate living room, he notes that music on the stand was "The Battle of Prague." In "A Tramp Abroad," he gives the following account of the playing by a young bride at a hotel in Switzerland. She sat at the drawing room piano and "turned on all the horrors of the 'Battle of Prague,' that venerable shivaree; and waded chin deep in the blood of the slain. She made a fair and honorable average of two false notes in every five, but her soul was in arms and she never stopped to correct. The audience stood it with pretty fair grit for a while; but when the cannonade waxed hotter and fiercer and the discord average rose to four in five, the procession began to move. A few stragglers held their ground ten minutes longer, but when the girl began to bring the true inwardness out

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of the 'cries of the wounded' they struck their colors and retired in a kind of panic."

It sounds like an early version of the 1812 Overture. Possibly some of your readers may know of a recording of this onomatopoetic rendering of a European battle. Or perhaps some enterprising company may wish to make a record of this pianistic war horse. With publicity supplied by Mark Twain, Thoreau and Thackeray, to mention only a few, it ought to sell.

HENRY BOLLMAN.

East Gloucester, Mass.

DISCS AND ROLLS

IN REVIEWING THE American Stereophonic Corporation's release of re-recordings from piano rolls [*SR*, Mar. 25], Jan Holcman states categorically: "Of the fifteen pianistic greats on this record, six are known by experts never to have left a single disc."

This statement strikes me as curious, since my collection contains original 78-rpm recordings by twelve of the fifteen pianists listed in the review. True enough, it is not known that Leschetizky, Carreño, or Granados made any records. But as to Mr. Holcman's remaining three, I can only think that he is referring to Debussy, Nikisch, and Richard Strauss, all of whom made eloquent recordings accompanying singers (respectively Mary Garden, 1904; Elena Gerhardt, 1908; and Heinrich Schlusnus, *c.* 1923). It hardly seems credible that such an "expert" as Mr. Holcman could be unaware of the existence of these important and beautiful records, yet how else can his bald assertion be explained?

Surely Mr. Holcman would agree that there is already in current circulation sufficient misinformation about historical records, without adding to the burden. . . .

JERROLD I. MOORE.

Rochester, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Moore is right, but so is Holcman, who was referring to solo recordings, not accompaniments. In such respect, Debussy, Nikisch, and Strauss were identified on this reproduction with piano rolls rather than phonograph recordings.*

COLUMBIA, HERE AND THERE

AFTER READING "The Other Side" in the March 25 issue of *SR*, I was a bit confused. In the article Thomas Heinitz stated the following: "From Columbia comes an electrifying Tchaikovsky 'Pathétique,' conducted by Giulini and with the Philharmonia. . . ." As far as I know, Columbia has come out with no such recording. They have, however, come out with, indeed, an electrifying Tchaikovsky "Pathétique," but with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. I do not believe that Giulini ever records for Columbia, but for Angel.

Would you please clear this up for me, possibly in the next Recordings issue? I would greatly appreciate it.

JOHN WRIGHT.

Columbus, Wisc.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Heinitz reference was to the English Columbia label, known in this country as Angel.*

Bing's Eleventh

Continued from page 41

was describing was not in a "commercial" house of America or England, but the Dresden Opera during the Twenties!

Thus the problem is a perennial one—here, there, everywhere. It also brings to mind the wartime formula: "The difficult we do at once, the impossible takes a little longer." To amend this state of affairs remains a lasting challenge, if there is any disposition to the attitude that the situation is "well in hand." Too much evidence exists to leave any doubt that Rudolf Bing knows how to organize good opera. And certainly he knows even better today than he did ten years ago the principles on which such a repertory theatre as the Metropolitan should be conducted. What we ask for is more of his first standard, less of the second, and none at all of the third-rate.

We can also ask who decides when who, among the younger singers, is "ready" to sing such a demanding role as Radames? How much delegation of

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what kind of authority is reflected in certain examples of casting that can, at the least, be described as over-optimistic? Where does personal supervision end and the influence of a growing, now sizeable, corps of youthful "administrative assistants" begin? How many of the bad guesses are his, how many those of persons with lesser qualifications? We could also wish him a better grade of advice than he has had lately (especially on the quality of texts in English), a bold decision to change an opera now and then—even if there is financial penalty—when the available cast plainly is not of even minimum Metropolitan quality. The public does have a stake in these mat-

ters, even if the demand for subscriptions suggests a lack of discrimination. The fact is, in the gambling term, the Metropolitan is "the only wheel in town." Opera devotees who have no other choice should not be penalized because competition is lacking.

It is a measure of the esteem that Bing has won here that, in applauding his good work, and measuring the problems that affect the less-than-good, we do not dismiss the discrepancies with a patronizing "What do you expect?" We expect more.

Recordings in Review

Continued from page 47

lates to mode of performance rather than to locale). Rather because it suggests that the music of Beethoven is indivisible, that command of one aspect of it—no matter how "light"—is related to command of another aspect.

Few things could be less substantial than these dances, scored for small orchestra (1801). But even so, one section came, by way of "Prometheus," to be the finale of the "Eroica" symphony and another is the basis for Kreisler's "Rondino on a Theme of Beethoven." Almost all are performed by Maazel at a headlong pace which is not only against the grain, musically, but beyond the range of physical capacity for dance purposes.

Much of Maazel's "Pastorale" is sympathetically conceived (especially the "Scene on the Brook" and the "Thanksgiving after the Storm") but most of the faster sections (including the opening and the "Gathering of the Country Folk") are pushed along at an excessive pace. What it reflects, merely, is the same lack of geniality and relaxation to be noted in the treatment of the dances, a little too much of a "Let's get on with it" attitude. It could be that it is less a matter of conviction with Maazel than a desire to counteract the inertia of the Berlin Philharmonic which, for all its fine qualities, is hardly a volatile group. If so, he has been too successful in stirring a response which goes, in these places, beyond the needs of the music. Given a suitable reproducer, the "presence" of the orchestra really makes itself felt.

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(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued from page 57)

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LIKE A CONTINENT IN MINIATURE, nicely capable of personal exploration: Monhegan Island, ten miles at sea. Botanically, ornithologically, pictorially, peacefully rewarding. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. June-September.

(Continued on page 60)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 59)

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, Ogunquit 2, Maine. Perfect seaside relaxation. Art Colony. Beach. Playhouse. Bountiful meals. Folder.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R.D.2, Middlebury, Vermont.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

THE LOOKOUT, Ogunquit #2, Maine. One of New England's foremost resort hotels. New swimming pool. Beautiful grounds, gardens. Exceptional meals. Open June 25th. Color folder.

THE FALES, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS, Secluded cottages. Fireplaces. Fishing. Excellent food.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 30th-October 16th. Color folder.

OFF-THE-BEATEN-TRACK nearby resorts. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

HIRAM BLAKE CAMP on Penobscot Bay, Cape Rosier, Maine, announces 45th Consecutive Season. Cottage resort on American Plan. Nature-loving, sea-going. Cruiser, island lobster picnics, sailing, fishing, seabathing, trails, hiking. Comfortable, economical, and good Maine food. Descriptive literature.

MEXICO. Excellent accommodations, pool, golf. Spanish, arts, crafts optional. Instituto, Apartado 195, Cuernavaca.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

IVES LAKE, in the heart of the Huron Mountains. Catch a Rainbow, hunt a mushroom, read a book, bring the kids. Write Howard Paul, Big Bay, Michigan.

LIKE THE OCEAN? Your choice, hotel or de luxe motel. Informal, quiet yet near activities. Folder. Colonial Inn, Ogunquit 5, Maine.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE—An oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Continental cuisine. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

THE GOSNOLD ARMS, New Harbor, Maine. A quiet comfortable vacation on Pemaquid Peninsula, seventy *miles northeast of Portland.*

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center, smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, shopping center, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

ISLAND RETREAT—Charming garden view, double bedroom, bath, breakfast privileges. Just sea, sky, forests, cliffs. "Treetops," Monhegan Island, Maine.

VACATIONS

WILL SHARE hilltop home informally with few special persons of limited budget, appreciative of peace, beauty, old world charm. Mrs. Apolant, Worcester, New York.

HOLIDAY HOUSE, Castine, Maine. Waterfront hotel, private bathrooms. Request colored brochure.

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ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, New York. Informal, rustic, beautiful. American Plan—Housekeeping.

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PISGAH FOREST INN. High, cool, rustic comfort. Friendly hosts, fine food, log fires, forest trails, wild flowers, birds, in Natural Wilderness. SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

TRAVEL

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FRENCH STUDY TOUR, University of Grenoble, coeducational, credits, live with French families, June 26th-August 1st, $465 plus fare. Contact SITA, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC.

SAILING VACATIONS—Cruise beautiful Bahamas Out Islands (from Bimini to Nassau) aboard gleaming 96-ft. schooner CAREFREE. Help sail the ship—or relax in the sun. Great fishing and skindiving, fine food, congenial shipmates. From $175. Write or phone: Tradewinds Cruises, Ltd., P.O. Box 774-SR, Coral Gables, Florida. Highlands 8-6136.

TRAVEL

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1414

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One of the smallest of mammals; part of a Shakespeare title.	82 20 8 54 170
B. Describing the "sweet bells jangled" in Hamlet (3 wds.).	142 28 19 111 124 65 168 44 115
C. Procure beforehand.	38 169 125 50 81 64 165
D. Series of items divided in orders.	48 145 84 141 70 126 99 159 35
E. In math., last in a series approaching infinity.	86 57 76 25 18 103 72 123 158 93
F. To handicap so as to cause uneasiness or constraint.	156 143 10 163 3 74 49 144 80
G. Pertaining to fishing.	152 157 32 89 40 59 14 56 149
H. Righteously wrathful.	133 87 107 36 45 24 179 154 112
I. A sort of artistic Periclean Age in China, 1368-1644 (2 wds.).	122 116 88 135 55 79 26 105 95 71 109
J. Ruling chief of an important Indian state.	180 100 66 108 60 5 77 7 61
K. Trial; exertion of strength to reach an object.	41 172 102 53 78 30 58 177
L. Ecclesiastical word for things to be read.	146 174 91 178 138 155 31
M. Hero's hero.	106 131 62 117 15 21 39
N. Orchid of genus *Cycnoches*.	52 151 113 90 46 167 29 92
O. Correct name of Damon's friend (usually called Pythias).	1 69 94 161 110 181 98 37
P. One of the things you might think would keep any cow contented.	127 23 136 51 182
Q. Very strong or very stingy.	160 101 27 42 140 11 97 173 34 139
R. What Robinson Jeffers said that meteors are not "less than mountains."	104 47 130 166 67 176
S. Said of the fully trained saddle horse.	85 13 171 120 150 129
T. English solder-writer who invented the tank, 1914 (1868-1951).	22 17 96 63 4 9 134
U. One of the founders of the Pre-Raphaelites (1789-1869).	119 162 147 175 83 153 68 114
V. Another of the multiplication tables which Jean Ingelow's young heroine might have referred to (2 wds.).	148 121 12 2 118 137 132 73 6
W. Like the figure of the Earth.	183 128 75 43 164 16 33

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 O	2 V	3 F	4 T		5 J	6 V		7 J		8 A	9 T
10 F	11 Q	12 V		13 S	14 G		15 M	16 W	17 T	18 E		19 B	20 A	21 M		22 T
23 P	24 H		25 E	26 I		27 Q	28 B	29 N		30 K	31 L	32 G	33 W	34 Q	35 D	
36 H	37 O		38 C	39 M	40 G	41 K	42 Q	43 W	44 B	45 H		46 N	47 R		48 D	49 F
50 C	51 P		52 N	53 K	54 A	55 I		56 G	57 E		58 K	59 G	60 J		61 J	62 M
63 T	64 C		65 B	66 J	67 R		68 U	69 O	70 D	71 I	72 E	73 V	74 F		75 W	76 E
	77 J	78 K	79 I	80 F		81 C	82 A		83 U	84 D	85 S	86 E	87 H	88 I	89 G	90 N
91 L		92 N	93 E	94 O	95 I		96 T	97 Q		98 O		99 D	100 J	101 Q	102 K	103 E
104 R	105 I	106 M		107 H	108 J	109 I		110 O	111 B		112 H	113 N	114 U	115 B		116 I
117 M	118 V	119 U		120 S	121 V	122 I	123 E		124 B	125 C	126 D		127 P	128 W	129 S	130 R
131 M	132 V	133 H	134 T	135 I		136 P	137 V	138 L	139 Q		140 Q	141 D	142 B	143 F		144 F
145 D	146 L	147 U	148 V	149 G	150 S		151 N	152 G	153 U	154 H		155 L	156 F	157 G	158 E	159 D
	160 Q	161 O	162 U	163 F	164 W	165 C	166 R		167 N	168 B	169 C		170 A	171 S	172 K	173 Q
174 L	175 U		176 R	177 K	178 L	179 H	180 J	181 O	182 P	183 W						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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Are French people hard to get to know? No!

Next time you're in France visit the provinces where you'll get a real chance to find out for yourself. In the colorful coast villages of Brittany, like Douarnenez [where an American recently photographed the family above], the fishermen love to spin a tale for a stranger—over their startling breakfast of Pernod. In Provence you can always find an artist in a café who would love to talk the day away with you. And even in the dramatic, dignified Basque country you can make friends with a family through the children the church or a local inn—just as you make friends at home. Of course, it's harder to get to know people if you merely whizz in and out of busy Paris. Just as it's hard if you whizz in and out of New York. But the small, relaxed towns in France get as big a kick out of you as you get out of them—will make it as tough as possible for you to ever go home.

See your travel agent or write: Dept. SR-5, Box #221, New York 20, N. Y. French Government Tourist Office, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami, Montreal

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